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THE

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL



THE  
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL



THE LAY  
OF  
THE LAST MINSTREL

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

*WITH NOTES*

AND A CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE  
AND INDEX.



EDINBURGH  
JOHN ROSS AND COMPANY

1872

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

IT has been the aim of the Editor and Publishers, to make this edition of Scott's Poetical Works distinguished for correctness of text, excellence of printing, facility of reference, and handiness of size.

The innovation of placing the Notes at the end of each Canto, will, it is thought, be considered an advantage by those to whom knowledge of the subject enhances the pleasure of the poetry. Disencumbered of their antiquarian extracts, they serve as pleasant interludes in the action of the Poem, and besides their bearing on its incidents, are interesting as early specimens of the Author's romantic delineations of past events.

In his introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1830, the interest of which is chiefly autobiographical, Scott considers it the first work which entitled him to be considered an original author. It was originally designed, at the request of the Countess of Dalkeith, as a ballad on the story of Gilpin Horner, for the third volume of "*The Minstrelsy of the Border*," and no one who has read that "first-



fruits" of his literary labours, can be at a loss to know where he obtained the rude materials out of which he formed the beautiful and romantic structure of "The Lay." It owes a special freshness and charm, too, to the facts that its scenery is amid the haunts of his childhood; and that the blood of many of its characters flowed in his own veins. These considerations, coupled with the fact of it being the commencement of his poetical works, make it the proper place for introducing a summary of the Author's life.

Regarding this last, the Editor is satisfied that the circumstantial epitome of the events of Scott's Life, and a record of the order of his publications, based on Lockhart's Life, will be found more useful than another addition to the numerous sketches of him.

EDINBURGH, *April* 1872.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY

OF

### THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT's paternal lineage is traceable to the chiefs of the clan—the Scotts of Buccleuch, whose settlement in Ettrick, tradition assigns to the time of Kenneth M'Alpine, (*see* note p. 149). The Harden branch of the family is that from whence he sprung. (*see* note p. 97). Walter Scott, a grandson of *Auld Wat* of Harden who holds a prominent place in the "*Lay*," founded the Raeburn branch of the family, and the second son of Raeburn, Walter, surnamed Beardie, was Sir Walter's great grand-father. Beardie's mother was a M'Dougal and his wife a Campbell, to which connection with these two Highland families he makes frequent reference. Beardie's second son, Robert, tenanted the farm of Sandyknowe, and married Barbara, daughter of Thomas Haliburton of Newmains, through whom he inherited that part of Dryburgh which includes the Abbey. The eldest son of Robert Scott of Sandyknowe was Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, the father of Sir Walter Scott.

His mother, Anne Rutherford, was the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh University, whose wife was a daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton. Scott does not trace the male lineage definitely beyond his grandfather, but the female he characteristically carries back to William first Earl of Stirling, who was himself a poet, and the friend of Drummond of Hawthornden, and Ben Johnson.

Walter Scott, the ninth child of his parents (the first six 1771-1786, died in infancy), was born in Edinburgh, at the *Æt.* 1-15. head of the College Wynd, on the 15th August, 1771. When eighteen months old he lost the power of his right leg, on account of which he is sent to his grandfather's at Sandyknowe. At four years of age he is taken by his aunt

to Bath. They went by sea to London, where he is shown the sights of the city. He remained a year in Bath, during part of which he attended school, and went once to the theatre. The scenes and incidents of this childish journey were well remembered by him in after-life. From Bath he returned to Edinburgh, and after a short stay at Sandyknowe, is sent to Prestonpans to try the effects of sea bathing on his lameness. Here, at this early age, he loved to attend to the curious stories of his father's friend, George Constable. Having come home to Edinburgh, to 25 George Square, he was in 1778 sent to the High School, where "he was behind his class-fellows in years and progress." He was however, a great reader, and some volumes of Shakspeare's plays having come in his way, he read them with great avidity. During the latter part of his attendance at the High School, he had, along with his other brothers, the benefit of a tutor. He became intimate with the blind poet Dr. Blacklock, who interested himself in his youthful studies, besides giving him access to his library; where he read Ossian and Spenser with much delight, especially the latter. His health becoming again doubtful, he is sent to reside with his aunt at Kelso. Here he attends the Grammar School and makes the acquaintance, through a circulating library, of "Percy's Anecdotes," and the writings of Tasso, Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, and Mackenzie. Here too, began his acquaintance with the Ballantynes, who were his school-fellows. He returns to Edinburgh in November 1783, and enters College. He disliked Greek, which in after-life he sincerely regretted, nor did he make great progress in Latin; but for Mathematics and Logic he shewed considerable liking.

On the 31st March 1786, he is apprenticed to his father for 1786-1792, five years. His allowance of threepence per page *Æt.* 15-21. of copy-money enables him to procure books and attend the theatre, as well as to obtain assistance in the study of French, Italian, and Spanish, to which the desire to read the poets and romancists of those languages urged him. About his seventeenth year he passed through a dangerous illness, his recovery from which rendered another stay at Kelso advisable. At this time he resides at Rosebank with his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, who having been a sailor, sympathises with his romantic tastes. His health after this

became quite robust and he delighted in exercise requiring strength and agility. In 1787, he met Burns at the house of Professor Ferguson, and about this time too he made his first journey into the Highlands, two events which strongly impressed his imagination. About 1788, he began to take part in the literary societies which then abounded in Edinburgh, and whose meetings were conducted with a freedom and conviviality of manners now happily out of fashion; but a wish to shine at those meetings stimulated him to severer studies than had been hitherto his choice. In 1790, he decided on preparing for the bar, and with that view attended the law classes in the University. He twice copied the lectures of Mr. Hume, the Professor of Scots Law; and he also attended the lectures of Professor Dugald Stewart, in whose class-room he read some essays, which, for the extensive information they indicated, won him the esteem of that great man. Among his class-fellows and companions were many young men who afterwards became eminent, and in their excursions into the country, and their debates at their literary societies they kept up a spirit of healthy and generous emulation. At this time Scott's personal appearance is said to have been very prepossessing, and he became attached to a young lady whose prospects entitled her to look beyond his expectations, therefore his father interfered, but unknown to him, and he cherished for several years the hope which only terminated when the object of his affections married another. Mr. Lockhart remarks, that this secret attachment acted as a romantic charm and safe-guard to virtue during the most perilous stage of his life, and to it we owe the tenderest passages of "The Lay" and others of his writings.

In January 1791, he joined the Speculative Society, of which he became secretary and treasurer, and at its meetings he read essays on "The Origin of the Feudal System," "The Authenticity of Ossian's Poems," and "The Origin of Scandinavian Mythology." Here also he made the acquaintance of Francis (afterwards Lord) Jeffrey. In the autumn of this year he accompanied his uncle in an excursion to Northumberland, when he first visited the field of Flodden.

Scott was called to the bar on the 11th July 1792, at which  
1792-1797. event his autobiography ceases. During the autumn  
Æt. 21-26. vacation he made another excursion unto North-

umberland, and meant to visit the Cumberland Lakes, but the weather being unfavourable he visited Liddesdale instead. This was the first of a series of *raids* as he called them, in search of materials for "The Minstrelsy of the Border." His powers of adapting himself to the circumstances and capacity of those with whom he mixed in those excursions were remarkable; and to his keen insight into the rich original specimens of humanity then encountered, his works owe many of their charms. As a lawyer, he never made any great impression, or much profit; but he was noted as a story-teller among the briefless juniors. At the end of 1792, he commenced to study German with a number of his associates,—works of genius in that language having been brought under the notice of Edinburgh Society by Henry Mackenzie, "The man of Feeling." In March 1793, he went to Galloway to investigate the case of a minister of the Church of Scotland, whom he was employed to defend before the General Assembly on a charge of profanity and drunkenness. His defence of the Rev. delinquent was unsuccessful, and his reception by the venerable Court not calculated to increase his love for his profession; but his jaunt to Galloway afforded the only opportunity he ever had of seeing the scenery of "Guy Mannering." This autumn he first visited the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake," a visit he frequently repeated. He extended his excursion unto Forfarshire, and inspected Glammis and Dunottar Castles. Near the latter he first saw the prototype of "Old Mortality," and much besides that he afterwards made use of, was gleaned during this excursion. On his return, he attended the Circuit at Jedburgh, and defended in some criminal cases for which he got some thanks, but no fees. In the political agitations of the spring of 1794, Scott took an active part on the Tory side. In 1795, he was elected a curator of the Advocate's library, and he translated Bürger's "Lenore" which he presented to his friend Miss Cranstoun, who printed it for private circulation, in April 1796. As a relief from the disappointment already referred to, he prosecutes the study of German literature, in which he is assisted by Mrs. Scott of Harden, herself a native of Germany, and Mr Skene of Rubislaw. In October, he published the translation of "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," but their success was confined

to the circle of his own friends and acquaintances. This year too he took a leading part in organising the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, of which he became Quarter-Master. During the autumn vacation of 1797, accompanied by his brother John, and Adam Ferguson, he visited Cumberland; and while staying at Gilsland, first met Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, who shortly after became Mrs. Scott. Miss Carpenter, was the daughter of a French gentleman of English descent, who died at the beginning of the Revolution. Madame Carpenter with her son and daughter fled to England, where she shortly after died, leaving her two children under the guardianship of the Marquis of Downshire. Scott and Miss Carpenter, after obtaining the sanction of her guardian, were married at Carlisle on the 24th December 1797.

For a short time after their marriage they lived in lodgings 1798-1800 in George Street, Edinburgh, while their house in *Æt.* 27-29. Castle Street was being prepared for their reception; and, in a simple and inexpensive fashion, enjoyed the society of a circle of friends whose variety of information, elegance of taste, and simplicity of manners, marked an era to which they looked back with regret when fame introduced them to more distinguished if less refined society. In the summer of 1798 Scott rented a cottage at the beautiful Village of Lasswade; and here he composed most of those ballads in which he first displayed his poetic powers. In autumn he composed the "War-song of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons;" and met Lewis the author of "The Monk."

In February 1799 he published Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," for the copyright of which he got 25 guineas; and about the same time he wrote "The House of Aspen." In March he visited London with his wife, but hastened back on account of his father's death. During this summer, besides contributing to Lewis' "Tales of Terror" he wrote "Glenfinlas" and "The Eve of St John;" his first serious attempts at verse. These were soon followed by "The Gray Brother," and "The Fire King" from the German. In autumn he visited Bothwell Castle, the seat of Lord Archibald Douglas, whose Lady, a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, was his intimate friend. He meant to make Bothwell and Blantyre the subject of a ballad, and a fragment composed about this time was found among his papers. "The Shepherd's Tale"



is another imperfect piece that may be referred to the same date. After his return he attended the Jedburgh Circuit, and made his usual visit to Liddesdale. Staying at Kelso for a few days before returning to Edinburgh, he met Ballantyne, now established there as a printer, and got him to print a few ballads under the title of "Apology for Tales of Terror." Scott was so well pleased with his friend's typography, that he resolved to entrust him with the printing of the collection of Border Ballads he was then making. On the 24th October was born his first child Charlotte Sophia, and on the 16th December, through the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Melville, he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, with a salary of £300 a-year.

In April 1800 Scott proposed to his friend James Ballantyne a scheme which became famous in the annals <sup>1800-1804</sup> of literature. "The Minstrelsy" occupied his leisure during 1800 and 1801, and his researches brought him into intimate connection with several literary coadjutors among whom were Richard Heber, the accomplished John Leyden, William Laidlaw, Joseph Ritson the antiquarian, George Ellis, and James Hogg the Ettrick shepherd, under whose uncouth appearance and manners Scott discovered a poet with originality, wit, and absurdity, that amused and delighted him. In May, Scott removed from 26 to 39 Castle Street, which remained his town house till 1825, and here on the 28th October 1801 was born his eldest son Walter. In January 1802 "The Minstrelsy" in 2 volumes, printed by Ballantyne at Kelso, was published by Cadell & Davis, London. The first edition consisted of 800 copies, and his share of the profits was £78, 10s. In autumn he wrote the first draft of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which he designed as a ballad for a third volume of the Minstrelsy; but it grew upon his hands to such a length that he reserved it for separate publication. At the end of the year, Ballantyne, by Scott's advice, removed to Edinburgh; and Leyden left for India, but did not sail from London till April 1803. Scott, expecting to see him before he sailed, proceeded to London during the spring recess, but was too late. While in London he sold the copyright of "The Minstrelsy" including the third volume, to Longman & Co. for £500, and made extracts for "Sir Tristrem" from MSS. in the Duke of Roxburgh's

library. He also visited Oxford with his friend Heber. During the year he wrote three or four articles for the "Edinburgh Review," and his preparation of *Sir Tristrem* involved considerable correspondence with Ellis. In September he was first visited by Wordsworth and his sister, and he conducted them over Roslin Chapel and Melrose Abbey. He also assisted the Ettrick Shepherd by inducing Constable to publish Hogg's "Mountain Bard." Constable at the same time published his own edition of *Sir Tristrem*. His duties as sheriff requiring his residence in Selkirkshire, he in May 1804 gave up his cottage at Lasswade and removed to Ashestiel, near Selkirk. Attached to Ashestiel was a considerable sheep-farm which he had thoughts of entrusting to the management of the Ettrick Shepherd, but of which the more tractable Tom Purdie became manager. In June he lost his uncle, Robert Scott of Rosebank, to whom he was much attached, and who in consequence left him his property of Rosebank, which when sold brought him £5000.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published in January 1805, and its brilliant success decided him in making literature his profession. It was reviewed by Jeffrey in "The Edinburgh Review" in terms of high praise. The author's share of the profits of the first edition was £169; and Longman & Co. purchased the copyright for £500. Scott now entered into the previously contemplated partnership (kept a profound secret) with his printer Ballantyne; and his employment at the Bar declining in a corresponding ratio with the rise of his literary reputation, he resolves to retire on a Clerkship of the Court. He sets about with much alacrity to promote the interests of the printing business; and for this purpose undertakes an edition of Dryden's Works, besides projecting an edition of *The British Poets*, which was not entered upon. During the summer he contributed six articles to the "Edinburgh Review" and wrote the opening chapters of *Waverley*, but these he laid aside till in 1814 the success of "The Lady of the Lake" reminded him of them. He now changed his habit of sitting up late to write, and rose about five in the morning, a habit to which he afterwards adhered. This year along with Mrs. Scott he visited the Cumberland Lakes, and was conducted over the district by Wordsworth. After his return he is visited by Southey, who gave him some

curious old MSS. In February 1806 he went to London, and got his appointment of Clerk to the Court of Session. He was much feted, dined with the princess Caroline, and at Holland House; and made the acquaintance of Joanna Baillie. On his return he entered upon the duties of his Clerkship; and shortly after wrote a party song on the acquittal of Lord Melville, which even his friends considered a mistake in point of taste. His political zeal was considered unbecoming his judicial position, but it showed the sincerity of the fears with which the narrowness of his political training caused him to regard the reform policy of the Whigs. During the year he wrote several articles for the "Edinburgh Review," while in September was issued a collection of his "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," besides "Sir Henry Slingsby's" and "Captain Hodgson's Memoirs." In November he commenced "Marmion," for which Constable & Co. offered a thousand guineas without seeing a line of it. Its acceptance enabled him to make advances required for winding up his father's business by his brother Thomas. During the spring recess of 1807 he went to London to consult MSS. in the British Museum for his edition of Dryden. His celebrity being now much increased, his reception was correspondingly cordial. Returning, he visited Miss Seward, at Lichfield. During the summer he made a run into Dumfries-shire, visiting Sweetheart Abbey and Caerlaverock Castle. In October he was appointed Clerk to a Commission for the improvement of Scottish Jurisprudence.

"Marmion" was published on the 23rd February 1808, and 1808-1810 though unfavourably reviewed by Jeffrey in "The *Æt.* 37-39. Edinburgh" its success was very great—8000 copies having sold in six months. It was followed by Dryden's Works in 18 volumes in April. The edition was highly spoken of in "The Edinburgh" in a review by Hallam the historian. His literary productions and engagements were now so numerous as to occasion a remark made in the House of Commons, "that he wrote more books than any one had leisure to read; and mingled in society as much as those whose only pursuit was pleasure." As soon as Dryden was off his hands he takes up Swift's works, for which Constable & Co. agreed to give £1500. He also edited "The Life and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," Strutt's unfinished romance of

"Queenhoo Hall," for which he wrote a conclusion after the original, Captain Carlton's "Memoirs of the Spanish Succession," and "Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth;" besides having arranged "Somers' Tracts" for republication. In the prosecution of these labours he employed several literary assistants who relieved him of the drudgery of details. Besides the time devoted to literary work and correspondence, his visitors occupied no inconsiderable part of his attention. Amongst those of this year were Joanna Baillie, Miss Lydia White, whom he escorted with Mrs Scott to Loch Katrine; and Mr and Mrs Morritt of Rokeby, to whom he showed the various objects of interest in and about Edinburgh. He also rendered some literary assistance to Struthers, author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath;" and tried to get his friend the Ettrick Shepherd into the Excise. This year, too, he sat to Raeburn for his portrait, for Constable his publisher. In November he is visited at Ashiestiel by John Murray, the London publisher, who informs him of his project of a Review in opposition to "The Edinburgh." Scott enters heartily into the scheme, and wrote Gifford, the proposed editor, his views on the subject. Such was the origin of "The Quarterly Review," to the establishment of which Scott was urged by his breach with "The Edinburgh," on account of its review of "Marmion," and his dislike of its political creed. Early in January 1809, an estrangement with Constable & Co. ended in an open rupture, and immediately after, Scott and Ballantyne, now joined by John Ballantyne, start an opposition publishing house, under the name of John Ballantyne & Co., with John as manager. In the new concern Scott's interest was one half, kept secret as in the case of the printing business. One of their first ventures was "The Edinburgh Annual Register," projected by Scott. The first number of "The Quarterly," containing three articles by Scott, appeared in spring while he was in London along with his wife. On his return he staid a fortnight with his friend Morritt at Rokeby, with the beauties of which he was much impressed. In July he visited the Trossachs, and at Cambusmore near Callander, wrote part of "The Lady of the Lake." About this time he made an effort to improve the management of the Edinburgh Theatre, became trustee for the proprietors, and exerted himself to have "The Family Legend" of his friend Joanna Baillie well

dently, and he resolves to finish it. He objects to be taxed on his literary earnings as property, and being legally advised, resisted the claim, which was then abandoned by the Lords of the Treasury. In December, at the request of the Town Council of Edinburgh, he drew up a congratulatory address to the Prince Regent, on the prosperous course of public events, which, when presented, the Prince characterised as the most elegant a sovereign ever received, or a subject offered. On this occasion he received the freedom of the city and a piece of plate.

In January 1814, his literary assistant, Henry Weber, 1814 became insane, and Scott, but for his coolness and *Æt.* 43. presence of mind, might have been shot by him. He kept him in an asylum in Yorkshire till his death in 1818, while to his last literary work, "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," published this summer, he contributed an account of the Eyrbyggja Saga. "Swift's Life and Works," in nineteen volumes, was published on the 1st of July this year. He also contemplated an edition of Pope's works on the same scale, but never overtook it. "Waverley" was announced for March, but was not out till July, its publication being delayed by his preparation of the articles "Chivalry" and "Drama," for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Its sale amounted to 5000 copies, by the end of the year. The vacation of this summer was devoted to a voyage with the Commissioners of Northern Lights, round the coast of Scotland, during which he kept an interesting diary, and from the sound of Lerwick, wrote the Duke of Buccleuch a playful verse letter. While in the north of Ireland he heard of the death of the Duchess of Buccleuch, an event which deeply affected him, and hastened his return home. In October was published his "Memorie of the Somervilles," followed by a reprint of Rowland's "The letting of Blood in the Head vaine," with notes.

"The Lord of the Isles" appeared in January 1815, and 1815, its reception was the first indication of a decline of his *Æt.* 44. poetic popularity. It was while writing it, that he made the acquaintance of Joseph Train, to whose researches it owes some notes. "Guy Mannering" the work of six weeks, followed in February, and its success equalled that of "Waverley." The spur to such severe literary exertion was

the determination to meet the obligations incurred through John Ballantyne & Co. In March, Scott took his wife and eldest daughter by sea to London, when his reception exceeded all former ones. He now first met Byron, when the two poets became fast friends, and on parting exchanged gifts, as Scott said, in imitation of the heroes in the *Iliad*. He dined twice with the Prince Regent, who presented him with a valuable gold snuff-box, as a memorial of their first meeting. Urged by the enthusiasm that followed the victory of Waterloo, he set out for the Continent on the 15th July. In the course of his tour,—his first on the Continent; he visited Antwerp, Brussels, and the field of Waterloo, whence he proceeded to Paris, where he was received with much distinction by the Duke of Wellington. He was also presented to the Czar, and excited the interest of several of the Russian and Prussian Commanders. Returning by London, he met Byron for the last time, and on his way north visited Warwick, Kenilworth, and Corby Castles, and staid a night in Sheffield. In October, was published "*The Field of Waterloo*." It had a rapid success, and the profits of the 1st edition were given for the relief of the widows and orphans of those slain in the battle. About this time he purchased Kaeside, a property adjoining Abbotsford, which, when added, doubled the extent of his favourite domain. In December, Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, took a leading part in a foot-ball match between the men of Yarrow and the burghers of Selkirk.

His observations on the Continent, contained in his letters to 1816 Mrs Scott, were published in January 1816, as "*Paul's Æt. 45. Letters to his Kinsfolk*;" and in May appeared "*The Antiquary*," of which 6000 sold in six days. On the 8th of May, he lost his oldest brother, Major John Scott, whose death brought him an accession of fortune of £3000. To "*The Annual Register*," which appeared in October, he contributed the Historical Sketch for 1814, equal to the contents of a large volume. It was afterwards absorbed into the *Life of Napoleon*. A good deal of this autumn was occupied in planning additions to Abbotsford. As a ruse on the public, the first series of "*Tales of my Landlord*," which appeared in December, was published by John Murray, and wanting "*The Author of Waverley*" on the title page. The sale was equal to that of the other series, and against some

strictures on his delineation, of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality" by Dr. M'Crie, Scott defended his views in "The Quarterly."

The reception of "Harold the Dauntless," which was published anonymously in January 1817, determined his resolution to make no more serious attempts in poetry. But shortly after, he re-issued a humorous piece "The Search after Happiness," originally contributed to an unknown serial. In March, he was seized with a violent attack of cramp in the stomach, which caused his friends considerable alarm. His first public appearance after this, was on the occasion of his friend John Kemble's farewell to Edinburgh. Scott wrote the farewell address which Kemble delivered after finishing his *Macbeth*. During this summer he visited Glasgow and Dumbartonshire, to refresh his recollections of the scenery of "Rob Roy," on which he was engaged. The principal part of the present house of Abbotsford was now begun, according to designs by Atkinson of London; and the neighbouring lands of Totfield were added to the domain. In August, he was visited by Washington Irving, who, long after, wrote a pleasing account of his reception, and the domestic habits and appearance of the Laird of Abbotsford and his surroundings. After Irving, came Lady Byron, followed by Sir David Wilkie, who painted Scott's family as a group of peasants.

"Rob Roy" was issued on the 31st December 1817, in an edition of 10,000, but in a fortnight after, other 3000 were required to meet the demand for it. Scott about this time took much interest in the proper guardianship of those interesting relics of Scottish nationality "The Regalia," and to his zeal the country owes the present arrangements for their exhibition and preservation; he also wrote an account of their adventures, from Cromwell's time.

The "Heart of Mid-Lothian" appeared in June, and its reception in Scotland was unprecedented. This year he wrote an article for "The Edinburgh Review," (the first for ten years), three for "The Quarterly," and one for "Blackwood." He also assisted Dr. Jamieson with his edition of Burt's Letters, and wrote historical and topographical articles for "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." In November, he is informed of the Prince Regent's wish to make him a

baronet ; and the intimation, received about the same time, that to his children was left the reversion of the fortune of their uncle, who died in India, removed any scruples about accepting the honour.

In February 1819, Scott sold all his copyrights to Constable & Co., for £12,000. The expenses of his buildings at <sup>1819</sup>Æt. 48. Abbotsford, and the purchase of his son's commission entailed this necessity. "Rob Roy" was now dramatised, and Scott was so delighted with Charles Mackay's representation of Baillie Nicol, that he wrote him a most flattering letter in name of the unknown author. During the spring and summer, a return of his former illness, prevented his attending Court ; and being unable to write, he had to resort to dictation for the first time. In the midst of his own sufferings (so severe at one time as to cause great anxiety), he received the news of the death of the Duke of Buccleuch ; and he exerted himself to write a sketch of his character for the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal." In June, the third series of "Tales of my Landlord," consisting of "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "The Legend of Montrose," appeared. In July, he removed to Abbotsford, and gradually recovered his health ; and in autumn he printed for private circulation "Memoirs of the Haliburtons of Newmains," and edited Patrick Carey's Poems ; in September he was visited by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards King of the Belgians. During November and December, acting on an exaggerated conception of the state of politics, Scott and some of his neighbouring proprietors made an attempt at organising a levy of Ettrick and Teviotdale Volunteers ; but the affair fell through for want of Government sanction and support.

About Christmas, he lost his mother, his uncle Dr. Daniel Rutherford, and his aunt Christian Rutherford, all within a week. In the midst of these bereavements "Ivanhoe" was published, and was received in England with great enthusiasm.

To the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, in January 1820, he contributed three Essays under the title of "The <sup>1820</sup>Æt. 49. Visionary," on what he termed the popular political delusions of the time. "The Monastery" by the "author of Waverley," was published in March by Longman & Co., and was considered a falling off. On the Court rising, he went to



London, where he met his eldest son. He sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, by order of the King, and to Chantrey, for his bust. He now received his baronetcy from the hands of the King, who remarked that it was the first creation of his reign; he also dined with the Duke of Wellington. At the end of April, he returned, accompanied by his son,—the marriage of his daughter, Sophia, with his biographer, Mr. Lockhart, being fixed for April 29th. In May, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, offer him the Degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, but he was unable to leave Scotland for the purpose. His fame and hospitality now was such, that Abbotsford was almost always crowded with strangers of distinction,—one party, this autumn included Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, William S. Rose, Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," now in his 76th year, and many others. At the end of each autumn, he kept Harvest Home, at which the enjoyment of his humbler tenantry and dependents engrossed his attention, and afforded him much delight. "The Abbot," was published in September, and about the same time, Scott undertakes to edit for John Ballantyne, "The Novelist's Library," for which he contributed prefatory memoirs of Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Defoe, Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Le Sage, Horace Walpole, Cumberland, Mrs. Radcliff, Charles Johnstone, Clara Reeve, Charlotte Smith, and Robert Bage. In November, he is unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh—a connection that increases his interest in science.

"Kenilworth" was issued in January 1821 and was very successful. Being in London on official business <sup>1821</sup>Æt. 50. during the spring, he is asked to countenance a Royal Society of Literature which was patronized by the King, but he disapproved of the project. In June his friend and partner, John Ballantyne, died, leaving him a legacy of £2000; but it was found that the state of his affairs did not admit of it. In July, Scott was again in London at the coronation, and sent an account of the ceremony to the Edinburgh Weekly Journal. On his return he visited Stratford-on-Avon, and left his autograph in the room supposed to be Shakspeare's birth-place. At this time was published Adolphus' Letters, proving Scott to be the author of the Waverley Novels. He thanked the author for the handsome

manner in which he spoke of his poetry. The Novelists' Library he continued for the benefit of John Ballantyne's widow, against Constable's advice, but the result justified the counsel. He also edited "Frank's Northern Memoirs," "The Contemplative Angler," and Fountainhall's "Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs, 1680-1701." Of a series of letters which he wrote at this time only one set was preserved, their contents being worked up into "The Fortunes of Nigel." The requirements of Abbotsford necessitated a second sale of copyrights, and in November he got £5500 for those of "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth," from Constable & Co.; besides which, he got their bills for four new novels not yet named. In December "The Pirate" made its appearance and had an enthusiastic reception.

In May 1822 was published the "Fortunes of Nigel," and in June the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill"—the  
 1822  
 Æt. 51. work of two rainy mornings—for which Constable gave £1000, without seeing it. It was about this time that he got the Duke of Buccleuch to adopt measures for the preservation of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. The visit of King George IV. this year to Scotland was to Scott an event of much interest, and entailed on him the great labour of organising the attendant ceremonials, for which his great influence with his countrymen, Highland and Lowland, so well fitted him. His hints to the king on the occasion, led to the granting of some concessions affecting the national honour—as the restoration of "Mons Meg," and the reversal of the attainder of Jacobite peerages for the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. In the midst of the bustle of the king's visit, Crabbe the poet was his guest in Castle Street.

"Peveril of the Peak" appeared in January 1823, and was  
 1823  
 Æt. 52. less popular than previous works. In spring Scott was elected a member of the Roxburghe Club, and took a leading part in founding the Bannatyne, of which he was first president. On 10th March he presented Constable with the MSS. of his novels, enjoining their concealment during his lifetime, unless required to vindicate their authorship. As president of the Royal Society, his interest in scientific and mechanical inventions led to his election as president of an oil gas company. In April he got intelligence of the death of

his brother Thomas, in Canada. Among his visitors this summer were Miss Edgeworth, and Mr Adolphus. "Quintin Durward" appeared in June, and its sale at first "hung fire," till its reception in Paris re-acted on its popularity. In July he contributed the article "Romance" to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and his poem "M'Duff's Cross," appeared in a collection, edited by Miss Baillie, for a charitable purpose. An essay on "Landscape Gardening" in September was followed by "St Ronan's Well" in December—its reception was discouraging.

"Redgauntlet," which appeared in June, met with indifferent success. It was his only novel this year, but  
 1824  
 Æt. 53. he prepared for press a second edition of Swift's works, wrote several reviews and miscellaneous pieces, besides an article on Lord Byron for "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal," on receipt of the news of his death. A good deal of his leisure this summer he devoted to the arrangement of his library, to which the king contributed a richly-bound copy of "Montfauçon's Antiquities." Cutting down wood was also an exercise he enjoyed. He delighted, too, in planning many articles of furniture, for the execution of which he found ingenious and willing hands among the neighbouring villagers, in the fostering of whose merits or ingenuity he took great pleasure.

On the 3d of February 1825, Scott's son, Walter, was married to a Fife heiress, Miss Jobson of Lochore,  
 1825  
 Æt. 54. when Abbotsford was settled upon him, his father remarking that he gave it away with greater pleasure than he made it. In June appeared the "Tales of the Crusaders,"—"The Betrothed," and "The Talisman,"—in the introduction to which was announced "The Life of Napoleon," by the author of "Waverley," the second edition of which was to initiate a grand scheme of cheap publications suggested by Constable. This summer, accompanied by Lockhart and his daughter Anne, he visited Ireland, where his reception was very cordial. Trinity College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Cork the freedom of the city. He returned by way of the Cumberland Lakes, where he met Canning, and many of the lake celebrities. His visitors at Abbotsford this autumn included Moore the poet, whose society he greatly enjoyed; and the famous Mrs Coutts, with her future

husband, the Duke of St Albans. On 20th November he commenced a diary, the earlier entries of which refer to rumours of commercial difficulties, but, on receipt of cheering news, he wrote the song of "Bonnie Dundee." In December he wrote an introduction and notes to the "Memoirs of Madame Rochejacquelin" for Constable's Miscellany—the grand scheme—and a review of "Pepy's Diary" for "The Quarterly."

The commercial murmurs of November now become more distinct, and in January, to relieve Constable and <sup>1826</sup>Æt. 55. Ballantyne, he contracts a burden of £10,000 on Abbotsford—a power retained for the benefit of his younger children when he settled it on his son. This did not avert the crisis, however, for, in the middle of January, the failure of both houses determined his putting his estate under trustees. The news of his misfortunes elicited much sympathy and many offers of assistance. His son and daughter-in-law offer theirs, and some anonymous friend offered £30,000, while his daughter's harp teacher offers his whole savings of £500. But he refused all, and kept steadily at his work, determined to meet his obligations by his own efforts. His chief cause of distress was the effects upon his family and dependants, and on leaving 39 Castle Street, he gave vent to his feelings in the words of the Highland emigrant, *Ha til sin tulidh*, "We return no more." In the midst of these embarrassments appeared the famous letters of "Malachi Malgrowther" against Government interference with the Scottish banking system and notes. In April the copyright of "Woodstock," the work of the previous three calamitous months, sold for £8000, and its reception in May justified the price. On the 15th May, Lady Scott died at Abbotsford, and was buried in Dryburgh. During the summer Scott wrote a review of "Kemble's Life" for "The Quarterly," and one of Galt's "Omen" for Blackwood. Having made some short excursions with his family, he proceeded in October to London and Paris, to prosecute his researches for the "Life of Napoleon." In London he received every facility from the foreign office, was invited by the king to Windsor, dined with Rogers the poet, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, who gave him notes of observations on Buonaparte's Russian campaigns. He also sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence by command of the king. In Paris he

was also well received. He here met Cooper, his American rival ; sat for his portrait to Madame Mirbel ; and dined with Marshals Macdonald, and Marmont. On his return, he visited Oxford, where his son Charles was studying. On getting home, he found he over-exerted himself, and he contracted a rheumatic affection from having lain in damp sheets in France.

In spring he wrote a review of Mackenzie's "Life and  
1827 Works of Home," and another of the German  
Æt. 56. novelist Hoffman, he presented to the editor of the  
"Foreign Review." On 23d February Scott presided at a  
public dinner in aid of a fund for decayed actors, where Lord  
Meadowbank proposed his health as "The Author of  
Waverley"—the Great Unknown. Though the failure of  
Ballantyne and Constable rendered the secret no longer ten-  
able, yet the interest excited by its first public announcement  
was very great. In February he received a complimentary  
letter from Goethe ; and in June "The Life of Napoleon"  
appeared, and had a splendid reception—realising for his  
trustees £18,000. About this time, too, he wrote a paper on  
"The Planting of Waste Lands" for "The Quarterly."  
Lockhart and his family being at Abbotsford this summer,  
Scott delighted to repeat his "Tales of a Grandfather" to his  
little grandson during their pony rides, before committing  
them to paper. In July he gets intelligence of the death of  
Constable, no doubt accelerated by their common calamities ;  
and in September he is threatened by the French General,  
Gourgaud, in consequence of reflections upon his honour  
in "The Life of Napoleon." Scott replies and prepares for  
his defence. In September he was invited to Ravensworth  
Castle to meet the Duke of Wellington. The first series of the  
"Chronicles of the Canongate," consisting of "The Highland  
Widow," "The Two Drovers," and "The Surgeon's  
Daughter," appeared early this winter ; and somewhat later  
he wrote an "Essay on Ornamental Gardening," and the  
"Life of George Bannatyne." One of the holders of Bal-  
lantyne & Co.'s bills, thinking to get a preference by the use  
of harsh personal measures, Scott prefers legal protection to the  
intervention of friends, yet Sir William Forbes bought up the  
claims unknown to him. In December the first series of "Tales  
of a Grandfather" met with an enthusiastic reception. The

settlement in favour of the author's trustees, of a claim to the copyright of "Woodstock" and "The Life of Napoleon" by Constable & Co.'s trustees, admitted of most of the copyrights of his works being now offered for sale, and were bought for Scott and Cadell, Constable's successor, for £8500. Up to Christmas, his labours for his creditors realised £40,000, and they passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him for his noble exertions.

Early in 1828 appeared "Sermons by the author of Waverley." They were written for a former literary assistant, a divinity student, who, through some infirmity, failed to prepare trial discourses, and now obtained the author's permission to sell them to meet a pecuniary obligation. A London publisher bought them for £250. About the same time he presented the editor of the *Foreign Review* an article on Molière, and wrote several articles for "The Quarterly" and the Bannatyne Club, and "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," with two other little tales for "The Keepsake." "The Fair Maid of Perth," published in April, was very popular. Shortly after Scott went to London, where both his sons were now staying. He dined with the king, who accepted the dedication of a new uniform issue of his works, with illustrative notes, which the purchase of the copyrights enabled him to set about. He sat for portraits to Haydon and Northcote, and for a second bust to Chantrey. When visiting the Duchess of Kent, he was introduced to the Princess Victoria. The second series of "Tales of a Grandfather" appeared at Christmas, and about the same time he wrote reviews of "Hagjii Baba" in England, and Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia."

At the New Year holidays, Scott, accompanied by Lockhart, was spending a few days in Lanarkshire, when he met Greenshields the sculptor, whose genius and modesty he admired. This and a subsequent interview were all the opportunities Greenshields had to enable him to produce the sitting statue which now adorns the Advocate's Library. In spring Scott signed the petition for Catholic emancipation, for which he was thanked by Sir Robert Peel. "Anne of Geirstein," which appeared in May, was well received; and about the same time was written his review of Ritson's "Caledonian Annals." The history of Scotland,

vol. i., for Lardner's Cyclopædia, and the third series of "Tales of a Grandfather" were out by the end of the year, while the monthly issue of the Novels, with notes and new introductions, reached the eighth volume, with a sale of 35,000 each. In autumn, Hallam and his two sons spent some pleasant days at Abbotsford; and at the end of October, Scott lost his attached servant and friend Tom Purdie, over whose remains, buried near Melrose, he erected a monument, and wrote the inscription.

Early in 1830 appeared "Auchindrane," a dramatic sketch suggested by a case in "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials," <sup>1830</sup> which he reviewed; also the "Doom of Devorgoil," and "Essays on Ballad Poetry." On 15th February he had a shock of paralysis, but was able to resume his work in March; and volume ii. of "The History of Scotland" appeared in May. June 27th he was spending at Prestonpans, when he received the news of the king's death, an event which put an end to a scheme for editing the Jacobite Papers projected by the king in view of Scott's retiring from his clerkship. When the Court rose in July, he retired on an allowance of £800 a-year, but an offer of a pension of £500, with the concurrence of his creditors, he declined. After severing his official connection with Edinburgh, he took some part in the election which followed the king's death; and when the state of affairs in France compelled Charles X. to seek shelter in Holyrood a second time, and fears were entertained as to his reception, Scott appealed to the better feelings of his fellow-citizens with success, for which the royal exile expressed his gratitude. Considering the improved state to which his exertions brought his affairs, his creditors, on the 17th December, unanimously presented him with all the furniture of Abbotsford. "The Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" now appeared; also the fourth series of "Tales of a Grandfather;" and he was with difficulty dissuaded from issuing a fourth "Malachi Malgrowther" epistle on the state of politics.

By the beginning of 1831, his health had failed so much, <sup>1831</sup> that in February he had his will made out, yet he <sup>Æt. 60.</sup> would not be prevailed upon to keep aloof from politics. His speech at Jedburgh against the Reform Bill was hissed by the populace. In March he sat for his portrait to Mr (now Sir) Francis Grant. In July he made an excur-

sion into Douglasdale to verify his recollections of Douglas Castle for his tale of "Castle Dangerous," which, with "Count Robert of Paris," he finished on his return. In autumn, Turner the painter came to Scotland to make sketches for his illustrations of the scenery of Scott's Poems; and while at Abbotsford Sir Walter made several short excursions with him. His physicians having advised that he should spend the winter abroad, arrangements for this purpose were being made, when the Government prepared a war-vessel to carry him to the Mediterranean. Before setting out, he entertained Captain James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, now home on furlough from India; and two days afterwards Wordsworth arrived to bid him farewell. Scott, accompanied by his eldest son and his daughter, left Abbotsford on 23d September, and from London wrote an introduction to "Count Robert" and "Castle Dangerous," whose publication was delayed till his departure, also an inscription for the monument which he erected in the churchyard of Irongray, to the memory of Helen Walker, the prototype of Jeanie Deans. He sailed from Portsmouth in the Barham man-of-war on October 29th; and after some stay at Malta, landed at Naples on the 17th December, where he was met by his son Charles and many distinguished friends.

During his stay at Naples he visited Pompeii and other <sup>1832</sup> classical antiquities, and even wrote a new tale, *Æt.* 61. "The Siege of Malta"—not deemed fit to be seen. His impatience to get home could no longer be resisted, and he left on April 16th. He waited a short time in Rome, and visited St Peter's, where he wished to see the tomb of the last of the Stuarts. Having seen Rome, his impatience to be home increased, but when near Nimeguen he had another attack, the effects of which he never overcame. He reached London on the 13th June, where he lay till 7th July, when his yearning to be at Abbotsford was acceded to. Here he died on the 21st, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey on the 26th September 1832.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH,

*This Poem is Inscribed*

BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

*The Poem now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.*

*For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied in the action is Three Nights and Three Days.*



THE  
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;  
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,  
Seem'd to have known a better day ;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry ;  
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.  
No more on prancing palfrey borne,  
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;  
No longer courted and caress'd,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay :  
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;  
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;

The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,  
He begg'd his bread from door to door,  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
No humbler resting-place was nigh :  
With hesitating step, at last,  
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.  
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace  
His timid mien, and reverend face,  
And bade her page the menials tell,  
That they should tend the old man well :  
For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree ;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
And the old man was gratified,  
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;  
And he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;

And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;  
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.  
But, when he reach'd the room of state,  
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain !  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain,  
He never thought to sing again.  
It was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls ;  
He had played it to King Charles the good,  
When he kept court in Holyrood ;  
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try

The long-forgotten melody.  
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;  
And lighten'd up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy !  
In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along :  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :  
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
In the full tide of song were lost ;  
Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

## CANTO FIRST.

### I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,  
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;  
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,  
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—  
Jesu Maria, shield us well !  
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

### II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;  
Knight, and page, and household squire,  
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,  
Or crowded round the ample fire :  
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,  
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,  
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

### III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;  
Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;



Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall  
Waited, courteous, on them all :  
They were all knights of metal true,  
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

## IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur on heel :  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night :  
    They lay down to rest,  
    With corslet laced,  
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ;  
    They carv'd at the meal  
    With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the helmet  
    barr'd.

## V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten ;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;  
A hundred more fed free in stall :—  
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

## VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?  
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night ?—  
They watch to hear the blood-hound baying :  
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying :

To see St. George's red cross streaming,  
To see the midnight beacon gleaming ;  
They watch, against Southern force and guile,  
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

## VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—

Many a valiant knight is here ;  
But he, the chieftain of them all,  
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,  
Beside his broken spear.  
Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell !  
When startled burghers fled, afar,  
The furies of the Border war ;  
When the streets of high Dunedin  
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,  
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—  
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

## VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,  
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?  
Can christian lore, can patriot zeal,  
Can love of blessed charity ?  
No ! vainly to each holy shrine,  
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;  
Implored, in vain the grace divine  
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew :  
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,

While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,  
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot !

## IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier  
The warlike foresters had bent ;  
And many a flower, and many a tear,  
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :  
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear !  
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had lock'd the source of softer woe ;  
And burning pride, and high disdain,  
Forbade the rising tear to flow ;  
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,  
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee,—  
“And if I live to be a man,  
My father's death revenged shall be !”  
Then fast the mother's tears did seek  
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

## X.

All loose her negligent attire,  
All loose her golden hair,  
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,  
And wept in wild despair,  
But not alone the bitter tear  
Had filial grief supplied ;  
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,  
Had lent their mingled tide :  
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye

Dared she to look for sympathy.  
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan,  
With Carr in arms had stood,  
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran  
All purple with their blood ;  
And well she knew, her mother dread,  
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,  
Would see her on her dying bed.

## XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,  
Her father was a clerk of fame,  
Of Bethune's line of Picardie :  
He learned the art that none may name,  
In Padua, far beyond the sea.  
Men said, he changed his mortal frame,  
By feat of magic mystery ;  
For when, in studious mood he paced  
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,  
His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall !

## XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,  
He taught that Ladye fair,  
Till to her bidding she could bow  
The viewless forms of air.  
And now she sits in secret bower,  
In old Lord David's western tower,  
And listens to a heavy sound,  
That moans the mossy turrets round.  
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,  
That chafes against the scaur's red side ?

Is it the wind that swings the oaks?  
Is it the echo from the rocks?  
What may it be, the heavy sound,  
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

## XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,  
The ban-dogs bay and howl;  
And, from the turrets round,  
Loud whoops the startled owl.  
In the hall, both squire and knight  
Swore that a storm was near,  
And looked forth to view the night;  
But the night was still and clear!

## XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,  
Chafing with the mountain's side,  
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,  
From the sullen echo of the rock,  
From the voice of the coming storm,  
The Ladye knew it well;  
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,  
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

## XV.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

—"Brother, nay—

On my hills the moonbeams play.  
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,

By every rill, in every glen,  
Merry elves their morris pacing,  
To ærial minstrelsy,  
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,  
Trip it deft and merrily.  
Up, and mark their nimble feet !  
Up, and list their music sweet !”

## XVI.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

“Tears of an imprisoned maiden  
Mix with my polluted stream ;  
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow laden,  
Mourns beneath the moon’s pale beam.  
Tell me, thou, who view’st the stars,  
When shall cease these feudal jars ?  
What shall be the maiden’s fate ?  
Who shall be the maiden’s mate ?”

## XVII.

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

“Arthur’s slow wain his course doth roll,  
In utter darkness, round the pole ;  
The northern Bear lowers black and grim ;  
Orion’s studded belt is dim ;  
Twinkling faint, and distant far,  
Shimmers through mist each planet star ;  
Ill may I read their high decree !  
But no kind influence deign they shower  
On Teviot’s tide, and Branksome’s tower,  
Till pride be quell’d, and love be free.”

## XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,  
And the heavy sound was still ;  
It died on the river's breast,  
It died on the side of the hill.  
But round Lord David's tower  
The sound still floated near ;  
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,  
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.  
She raised her stately head,  
And her heart throb'd high with pride :—  
" Your mountains shall bend,  
And your streams ascend,  
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride ! "

## XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,  
Where many a bold retainer lay,  
And, with jocund din, among them all,  
Her son pursued his infant play.  
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy  
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,  
And round the hall right merrily,  
In mimic foray rode.  
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,  
Share in his frolic gambols bore,  
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,  
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.  
For the grey warriors prophesied,  
How the brave boy, in future war,  
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

## XX.

The Ladye forgot her purposè high,  
One moment, and no more ;  
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,  
As she paused at the archèd door :  
Then, from amid the armèd train,  
She call'd to her, William of Deloraine.

## XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,  
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee ;  
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,  
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;  
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;  
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none,  
But he would ride them, one;by one ;  
Alike to him was time or tide,  
December's snow, or July's pride ;  
Alike to him was tide or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime ;  
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,  
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;  
Five times outlawed had he been,  
By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

## XXII.

" Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;  
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,  
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;  
And in Melrose's holy pile  
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.



Greet the Father well from me ;  
Say that the fated hour is come,  
And to-night he shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb :  
For this will be St. Michael's night,  
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;  
And the Cross, of bloody red,  
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

## XXIII.

What he gives thee, see thou keep,  
Stay not thou for food or sleep :  
Be it scroll, or be it book,  
Into it, Knight, thou must not look :  
If thou readest, thou art lorn !  
Better hadst thou ne'er been born !"—

## XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,  
Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;  
Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,  
"Again will I be here :  
And safer by none may thy errand be done,  
Than, noble Dame, by me :  
Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

## XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,  
And soon the steep descent he past,  
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,  
And soon the Teviot side he won

Eastward the wooded path he rode,  
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;  
He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland,  
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand ;  
Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,  
Where Druid shades still flitted round ;  
In Hawick twinkled many a light ;  
Behind him soon they set in night ;  
And soon he spurr'd his courser keen  
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

## XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—  
"Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark."—  
"For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejoind,  
And left the friendly tower behind.  
He turn'd him now from Teviotside,  
And, guided by the tinkling rill,  
Northward the dark ascent did ride,  
And gained the moor at Horsliehill ;  
Broad on the left before him lay,  
For many a mile, the Roman way.

## XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,  
A moment breathed his panting steed ;  
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,  
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand,  
On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,  
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint ;  
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,

Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy ;  
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,  
The terrors of the robber's horn ;  
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,  
Ambition is no cure for love !

## XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,  
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,  
Where Aill, from mountains freed,  
Down from the lakes did raving come ;  
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,  
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.  
In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,  
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

## XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,  
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow ;  
Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;  
For he was barded from counter to tail,  
And the rider was armed complete in mail ;  
Never heavier man and horse  
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.  
The warrior's very plume, I say,  
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;  
Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,  
At length he gained the landing place.

## XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,  
And sternly shook his plumèd head,  
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;  
For on his soul the slaughter red  
Of that unhallow'd morn arose,  
When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;  
When royal James beheld the fray,  
Prize to the victor of the day,  
When Home and Douglas, in the van,  
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring-clan,  
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear  
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

## XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurrèd fast,  
And soon the hated heath was past ;  
And far beneath, in lustre wan,  
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran,  
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,  
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.  
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,  
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.  
The sound, upon the fitful gale,  
In solemn wise did rise and fall,  
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone  
Is waken'd by the winds alone.  
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all ;  
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,  
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp ; and with the swell  
The Master's fire and courage fell ;  
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,  
And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,  
If they approved his minstrelsy ;  
And, diffident of present praise,  
Somewhat he spoke of former days,  
And how old age, and wand'ring long,  
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.

    The Duchess and her daughters fair,  
And every gentle lady there,  
Each after each, in due degree,  
Gave praises to his melody ;  
His hand was true, his voice was clear,  
And much they longed the rest to hear,  
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,  
After meet rest, again began.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

Page 7, St. i. — *The feast was over in Branksome tower.*

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Branxholm,\* lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,† and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to

\* Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

† There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions for the King against the house of Douglas.

7, iii.—*Nine-and-twenty knights of fame,  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall.*

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from the frontier situation, retained in their household at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.—See *History of the name of Scott*, p. 45.

8, v.—*With Jedwood-axe at saddlebow.*

“Of a truth,” says Froissart, “the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.” The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

9, vi.—*They watch against Southern force and guile.*

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. A letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch.—See PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. ii., p. 318.

9, vii.—*Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell.*

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His

death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James the V., then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhirst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr,) took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate,' (*i.e.* interrupt your passage.) 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King tarried still as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joined and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darneliner, either against other with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward on the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends



to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Laids of Cessford and Fernyhurst followed furiously, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessford was slain the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night.—BIRCH'S *Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 67.

9, viii.—*While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,  
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott.*

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

11, x.—*With Carr in arms had stood.*

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,\* was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his *Travels*, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous.

11, x.—*Lord Cranstoun.*

The Cranstouns are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

11. xi.—*Of Bethune's line of Picardie.*

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring pro-

\* The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

vince of Picardy ; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully ; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France. The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates ; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, who all flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome.

11, xi.—*He learn'd the art that none may name,  
In Padua, far beyond the sea.*

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles.

11, xi.—*His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall !*

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. —HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchie*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade ; and those who have thus *lost their shadow*, always prove the best magicians.

14, xix.—*A fancied moss-trooper, &c.*

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders ; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

14, xix.—*Tame the Unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.*—

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a cheveron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head, erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend *azure*; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

15, xx.—*William of Deloraine.*

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean."—See FROISSART, vol. ii., p. 195.

15, xxi.—*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.*

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent.—See *The Bruce*, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage,

and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound. In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body :—See *The Wallace*, Book v.

17, xxv.—— *the Moat-hill's round,  
Where Druid's shades still flitted round.*

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name, (*Moat, Ang. Sax. Consilium, Conventus,*) was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland; they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form.

17, xxv.—— *the tower of Hazeldean.*

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, commemorated by Satchells:—

“Hassendean came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all.”

17, xxvii.— *On minto-crag the moon-beams glint.*

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhill's Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name.

18, xxviii.— *Ancient Riddell's fair domain.*

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D.

727 ; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. They were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddel.

19, xxx.—*As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.*

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle, betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish field.

19, xxxi.—*But when Melrose he reach'd 'twas silence all.*

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favourite Scotch air, run thus :—

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale  
On Fridays when they fasted,  
They wanted neither beef nor ale,  
As long as their neighbours' lasted.

## CANTO SECOND.

### I.

**I**F thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day,  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

### II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there :  
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair ;

With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,  
He struck full loud, and struck full long.  
The porter hurried to the gate—  
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"—  
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;  
And straight the wicket open'd wide;  
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,  
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;  
And lands and livings, many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

## III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;  
The porter bent his humble head;  
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,  
And noiseless step the path he trod;  
The archèd cloister, far and wide,  
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,  
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,  
And lifted his barrèd aventayle,  
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

## IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;  
Says, that the fated hour is come,  
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
To win the treasure of the tomb."—  
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,  
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;  
A hundred years had flung their snows  
On his thin locks and floating beard.

## V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,  
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide ;  
"And, darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see  
What heaven and hell alike would hide ?  
My breast in belt of iron pent,  
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ;  
For threescore years in penance spent,  
My knees those flinty stones have worn ;  
Yet all too little to atone  
For knowing what should ne'er be known.  
Would'st thou thy every future year  
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,  
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—  
Then, daring Warrior, follow me !"—

## VI.

"Penance, father, will I none ;  
Prayer know I hardly one ;  
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray.  
Other prayer can I none ;  
So speed me my errand and let me be gone."—

## VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,  
And again he sighed heavily ;  
For he had himself been a warrior bold,  
And fought in Spain and Italy,  
And he thought on the days that were long since by,  
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high :



Now, slow and faint, he led the way,  
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;  
The Pillar'd arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

## VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,  
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;  
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,  
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.  
    The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,  
    Then into the night he looked forth ;  
And red and bright the streamers light  
    Were dancing in the glowing north.  
So had he seen, in fair Castile,  
    The youth in glittering squadrons start ;  
Sudden the flying Jennet wheel,  
    And hurl the unexpected dart.  
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That Spirits were riding the northern light.

## IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,  
    They enter'd now the chancel tall ;  
The darken'd roof rose high aloof  
    On pillars lofty, and light, and small :  
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;  
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;  
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourish'd around,  
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

## X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,  
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,  
    Around the screenèd altar's pale ;  
And there the dying lamps did burn,  
Before thy low and lonely urn,  
O gallant Chief of Otterburne !  
    And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !  
O fading honours of the dead !  
O high ambition, lowly laid !

## XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
    By foliage tracery combined ;  
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,  
    In many a freakish knot, had twined ;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.  
The silver light, so pale and faint,  
Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,  
    Whose image on the glass was dyed :  
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red  
Triumphant Michael brandishèd,  
    And trampled the Apostate's pride.  
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

## XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,  
    (A Scottish monarch slept below ;)

Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone :—

“I was not always a man of woe ;  
For Paynim countries I have trod,  
And fought beneath the Cross of God :  
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,  
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

In these far climes it was my lot  
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;  
A Wizard, of such dreaded fame,  
That when, in Salamanca's cave,  
Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame !  
Some of his skill he taught to me ;  
And, Warrior, I could say to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :  
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;  
And for having but thought them my heart within,  
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

When Michael lay on his dying bed,  
His conscience was awakenèd :  
He bethought him of his sinful deed,  
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :  
I was in Spain when the morning rose,  
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.  
The words may not again be said,  
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;  
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,  
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

## XV.

I swore to bury his Mighty Book,  
That never mortal might therein look ;  
And never to tell where it was hid,  
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need :  
And when that need was past and o'er,  
Again the volume to restore.  
I buried him on St. Michael's night,  
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright ;  
And I dug his chamber among the dead,  
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,  
That his patron's cross might over him wave,  
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

## XVI.

It was a night of woe and dread,  
When Michael in the tomb I laid !  
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,  
The banners waved without a blast,"—  
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one !—  
I tell you, that a braver man  
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,  
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;  
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,  
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

## XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now the Cross of Red  
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;  
Within it burns a wondrous light,  
To chase the spirits that love the night :  
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,  
Until the eternal doom shall be."—

Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,  
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :  
He pointed to a secret nook ;  
An iron bar the Warrior took ;  
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,  
The grave's huge portal to expand.

## XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;  
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;  
With bar of iron heaved amain,  
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.  
It was by dint of passing strength,  
That he moved the massy stone at length.  
I would you had been there, to see  
How the light broke forth so gloriously,  
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,  
And through the galleries far aloof !  
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright ;  
It shone like heaven's own blessèd light,  
    And, issuing from the tomb,  
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,  
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,  
    And kiss'd his waving plume.

## XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,  
As if he had not been dead a day.  
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,  
He seemed some seventy winters old ;  
    A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,  
    With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,  
    Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :

His left hand held his Book of might ;  
A silver cross was in his right ;  
The lamp was placed beside his knee :  
High and majestic was his look,  
At which the fellest fiends had shook,  
And all unruffled was his face :  
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

## XX.

Often had William of Deloraine  
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,  
And trampled down the warriors slain,  
And neither known remorse nor awe ;  
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;  
His breath came thick, his head swam round,  
When this strange scene of death he saw.  
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,  
And the priest prayed fervently and loud :  
With eyes averted prayèd he ;  
He might not endure the sight to see,  
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

## XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,  
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—  
“ Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,  
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;  
For those, thou may'st not look upon,  
Are gathering fast round the yawning-stone ! ”  
Then Deloraine, in terror, took  
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,  
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :  
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ;

But the glare of the sepulchral light,  
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

## XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,  
The night return'd in double gloom;  
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;  
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,  
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,  
They hardly might the postern gain.  
'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,  
They heard strange noises on the blast;  
And through the cloister-galleries small,  
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
And voices unlike the voice of man;  
As if the fiends kept holiday,  
Because these spells were brought to day.  
I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

## XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,  
"And when we are on death-bed laid,  
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,  
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"  
The Monk return'd him to his cell,  
And many a prayer and penance sped;  
When the convent met at the noontide bell—  
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!  
Before the cross was the body laid,  
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

## XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,  
And strove his hardihood to find :  
He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-stones grey,  
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;  
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,  
Felt like a load upon his breast ;  
And his joints, with nerves of iron twin'd,  
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.  
Full fain was he when the dawn of day,  
Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;  
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,  
And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

## XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,  
The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;  
And soon beneath the rising day  
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.  
The wild birds told their warbling tale,  
And waken'd every flower that blows ;  
And peeped forth the violet pale,  
And spread her breast the mountain rose.  
And lovelier than the rose so red,  
Yet paler than the violet pale,  
She early left her sleepless bed,  
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

## XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,  
And don her kirtle so hastilie ;  
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,  
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;



Why does she stop, and look often around,  
As she glides down the secret stair;  
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,  
As he rouses him up from his lair;  
And, though she passes the postern alone,  
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

## XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,  
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;  
The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound,  
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;  
The watchman's bugle is not blown,  
For he was her foster-father's son;  
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light,  
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

## XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,  
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.  
A fairer pair were never seen  
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.  
He was stately, and young, and tall;  
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:  
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,  
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;  
When the half sigh her swelling breast  
Against the silken ribbon prest;  
When her blue eyes their secret told,  
Though shaded by her locks of gold—  
Where would you find the peerless fair,  
With Margaret of Branksome might compare?

## XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see  
You listen to my minstrelsy ;  
Your waving locks ye backward throw,  
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :  
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,  
Of two true lovers in a dale ;  
And how the Knight, with tender fire,  
To paint his faithful passion strove ;  
Swore he might at her feet expire,  
But never, never cease to love ;  
And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,  
And, half consenting, half denied,  
And said that she would die a maid ;—  
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,  
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

## XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !  
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;  
Its lightness would my age reprove :  
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,  
My heart is dead, my veins are cold ;  
I may not, must not, sing of love,

## XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,  
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,  
And held his crested helm and spear :  
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,  
If the tales were true that of him ran

Through all the Border, far and near.  
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode  
Through Reedsdale's glens but rarely trode,  
He heard a voice cry, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,  
A leep of thirty feet and three,  
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,  
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,  
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.  
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd ;  
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,  
To rid him of his company ;  
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,  
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

## XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :  
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid :  
Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
Nor mingled with the menial flock :  
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,  
And often mutter'd "Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,  
But well Lord Cranstoun servèd he ;  
And he of his service was full fain ;  
For once he had been ta'en or slain,  
An it had not been for his ministry.  
All between Home and Hermitage,  
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

## XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,  
And took with him this elvish Page,

To Mary's chapel of the Lowes :  
For there, beside our Ladye's lake,  
An offering he had sworn to make,  
And he would pay his vows.  
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band  
Of the best that would ride at her command :  
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.  
Wat of Harden came thither amain,  
And thither came John of Thirlestane,  
And thither came William of Deloraine ;  
They were three hundred spears and three.  
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,  
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.  
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;  
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.  
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,  
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-page.

## XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green-wood,  
As under the aged oak he stood,  
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,  
As if a distant noise he hears.  
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,  
And signs to the lovers to part and fly :  
No time was then to vow or sigh.  
Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,  
Flew like the startled cushat-dove :  
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;  
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,  
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,  
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,  
The Minstrel's voice began to fail :  
Full slyly smiled the observant page,  
And gave the wither'd hand of age  
A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,  
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.  
He raised the silver cup on high,  
And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,  
Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,  
And all who cheer'd a son of song.  
The attending maidens smiled to see  
How long, how deep, how zealously,  
The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd;  
And he, embolden'd by the draught,  
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.  
The cordial nectar of the bowl  
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;  
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
Ere thus his tale again began.

## NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

29. i.—*When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.*

*Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.*

The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a sore saint for the crown*.

30. ii.—*Lands and livings, many a rood  
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.*

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert ii., Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieston and Rankleburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forrest, *pro Salute Animæ suæ*—Chartulary of Melrose, 28th May 1415.

31. vi.—*For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary.*

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the heathen, "as I wold wis at God that ve wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreymen, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists." But

we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

32, vii.—*Beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.*

The cloisters were frequently used as places of Sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*

32, viii.—*So had he seen in fair Castile,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start.*

"By my faith," sayd the Duke of Lancaster, (to a Portuguese squire), "of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your cuntry doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wold see it : for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe."—"By my faith, sir," sayd the squyer, "ye say trowth ; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us gret displeasure ; for, at the said skyrmyshe, Sir John Lawrence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sack stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead."—FROISSART, vol. ii. ch. 44.

33, x.—*O gallant Chief of Otterburne !*

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1388, betwixt Henry Percy called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame ; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the battayles and encounteryns that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten without cowardes or faynt hertes : for there was neither knyght nor squyer but that dyd his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande." The issue of the conflict is well known ; Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar.

33, x. — *Dark Knight of Liddesdale.*

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy.

33, xi. — *The moon on the east oriel shone.*

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to



produce the framework of the roof. The tracery of our Gothic windows displays, in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work.

33, xii.—*A marble stone*  
*A Scottish Monarch slept below.*

A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II. ; one of the greatest of our early Kings ; others say, it is the resting place of Waldeve, one of the early Abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

34, xiii.—*The wondrous Michael Scott.*

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496 ; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. The memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend ; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial ; some contend for Home Coltrame, in Cumberland ; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died.

34, xiii.—*Salamanca's cave.*

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who imported from Spain the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age.—WILLIAM, *of Malmesbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca.

34, xiii.—*The bells would ring in Notre Dame.*

"*Tantumne rem tam negligenter?*" says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee?—Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed lifted his hoof to give the third, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions, than stand the probable consequences.

When residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In the discourse with

her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house ; but as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jawhole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,—

“Maister Michael Scott's man  
Sought meat, and gat nane.”

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision ; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house ; but as his wife's frolic with Mr Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife now, completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometime through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell ; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and with his left hand, take the spell from above the door.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope,

Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

34. xiii.—*The words that cleft Eildon hills in three.*

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless task of making ropes out of sea sand.

37. xxi.—*He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd.*

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the Cathedral church at Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.—HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchy*, p. 480.

41. xxxi.—*The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.*

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

"The most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who lived all his life at Todshaw hill, in Eskdale-muir, where Gilpin staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, employed in fastening their horses' forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night, when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, '*Tint! Tint! Tint!*' One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What deil has tint you? Come here.' Immediately a creature of something like a human form appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to Moffat, and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair;' (viz. *sore*.) One evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, '*Gilpin Horner!*' It started and said, 'That is me, I must away,' and instantly disappeared and was never heard of more."

To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority.

"Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word: and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost the little imp."

43. xxxiii.—*But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band  
Of the best that would ride at her command.*

"Upon 25th June 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delaitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire, (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoune for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling.—*Abridgement of Books of Adjournal, in Advocates' Library.*

### CANTO THIRD.

#### I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love?—  
How could I, to the dearest theme  
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recreant prove !  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame !

#### II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

#### III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
While, pondering deep the tender scene,

He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.  
But the page shouted wild and shrill,  
And scarce his helmet could he don,  
When downward from the shady hill  
A stately knight came pricking on.  
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,  
Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay ;  
His armour red with many a stain :  
He seem'd in such a weary plight,  
As if he had ridden the live-long night ;  
For it was William of Deloraine.

## IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,  
When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest ;  
For his ready spear was in his rest.  
Few were the words, and stern and high,  
That marked the foemen's feudal hate ;  
For question fierce, and proud reply,  
Gave signal soon of dire debate.  
Their very coursers seem'd to know  
That each was other's mortal foe,  
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,  
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

## V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;  
The prayer was to his patron saint,  
The sigh was to his ladye fair.

Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,  
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid ;  
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,  
And spurr'd his steed to full career.  
The meeting of these champions proud  
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

## VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !  
The stately Baron backwards bent ;  
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,  
And his plumes went scattering on the gale :  
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,  
Into a thousand flinders flew.  
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ;  
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,  
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—  
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,  
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,  
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,  
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.  
The Baron onward pass'd his course ;  
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—  
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

## VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,  
And saw his foeman on the ground  
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
He bade his page to stanch the wound,



He lifted up the living corse,  
And laid it on the weary horse :  
He led him into Branksome Hall,  
Before the beards of the warders all ;  
And each did after swear and say,  
There only pass'd a wain of hay.  
He took him to Lord David's tower,  
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;  
And but that stronger spells were spread,  
And the door might not be openèd,  
He had laid him on her very bed.  
Whate'er he did of gramarye,  
Was always done maliciously ;  
He flung the warrior on the ground,  
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

## XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport ;  
He thought to train him to the wood ;  
For, at a word, be it understood,  
He was always for ill, and never for good.  
Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay  
Led him forth to the woods to play ;  
On the drawbridge the warders stout  
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

## XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
Until they came to a woodland brook ;  
The running stream dissolved the spell,  
And his own elvish shape he took.  
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,  
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;

Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :  
But his awful mother he had in dread,  
And also his power was limited ;  
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,  
And darted through the forest wild ;  
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,  
And laugh'd, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"—

## XIV.

Full sore-amaz'd at the wondrous change,  
And frighten'd as a child might be,  
At the wild yell and visage strange,  
And the dark words of gramarye,  
The child amidst the forest bower,  
Stood rooted like a lily flower ;  
And when at length, with trembling pace,  
He sought to find where Branksome lay,  
He fear'd to see that grizly face,  
Glare from some thicket on his way.  
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,  
And deeper in the wood is gone,—  
For aye the more he sought his way,  
The further still he went astray,—  
Until he heard the mountains round  
Ring to the baying of a hound.

## XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouth'd bark  
Comes nigher still, and nigher :  
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,  
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,

And his red eye shot fire.  
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,  
He flew at him right furiously.  
I ween you would have seen with joy  
The bearing of the gallant boy,  
When, worthy of his noble sire,  
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire !  
He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
And held his little bat on high ;  
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
At cautious distance hoarsely bay'd,  
But still in act to spring ;  
When dash'd an archer through the glade,  
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,  
He drew his tough bow-string ;  
But a rough voice cried, " shoot not, hoy !  
Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy ! "

## XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,  
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,  
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :  
He was an English yeoman good,  
And born in Lancashire.  
Well could he hit a fallow-deer  
Five hundred feet him fro ;  
With hand more true, and eye more clear,  
No archer bended bow.  
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,  
Set off his sun-burn'd face :  
Old England's sign, St George's cross,  
His barret-cap did grace ;

His bugle-horn hung by his side,  
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;  
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,  
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

## XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
Reach'd scantily to his knee ;  
And, at his belt, of arrows keen  
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;  
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,  
No larger fence had he ;  
He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee :  
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,  
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band.

## XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,  
But held him with his powerful arm,  
That he might neither fight nor flee ;  
For when the Red-Cross spièd he,  
The boy strove long and violently.  
“ Now by St. George,” the archer cries,  
“ Edward, methinks we have a prize !  
This boy's fair face, and courage free,  
Show he is come of high degree.”—

## XIX.

“ Yes ! I am come of high degree,  
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;  
And, if thou dost not set me free,  
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !

For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,  
And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed ;  
And if thou dost not let me go,  
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,  
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow !"—

## XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy !  
My mind was never set so high ;  
But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
And art the son of such a man,  
And ever comest to thy command,  
Our wardens had need to keep good order ;  
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.  
Meantime be pleased to come with me,  
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;  
I think our work is well begun,  
When we have taken thy father's son."

## XXI.

Although the child was led away,  
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,  
For so the Dwarf his part did play ;  
And, in the shape of that young boy,  
He wrought the castle much annoy.  
The comrades of the young Buccleuch  
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew ;  
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.  
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,  
And as Sym Hall stood by the fire,

He lighted the match of his bandelier,  
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.  
It may be hardly thought or said,  
The mischief that the urchin made,  
Till many of the castle guess'd,  
That the young Baron was possess'd !

## XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held  
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd ;  
But she was deeply busied then  
To tend the wounded Deloraine.  
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,  
On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;  
She thought some spirit of the sky  
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,  
Because, despite her precept dread,  
Perchance he in the Book had read ;  
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,  
And it was earthly steel and wood.

## XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :  
No longer by his couch she stood ;  
But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.

Then to her maidens she did say,  
That he should be whole man and sound,  
Within the course of a night and day.  
Full long she toil'd ; for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

## XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,  
'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;  
The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;  
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,  
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.  
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd  
The hour of silence and of rest.  
On the high turret sitting lone,  
She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;  
Touch'd a wild note, and all between  
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.  
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,  
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the western star.

## XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
That rises slowly to her ken,  
And, spreading broad its wavering light,  
Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?  
Is yon red glare the western star?—  
Oh ! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !  
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,  
For well she knew the fire of death !

## XXVI.

The Warder view'd it blazing strong,  
And blew his war-note loud and long,  
Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
Rock, wood, and river rung around.  
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,  
And startled forth the warriors all;  
Far, downward, in the castle yard,  
Full many a torch and cresset glared;  
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,  
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;  
And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

## XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,  
Stood in the midst with gesture proud,  
And issued forth his mandates loud :—  
    " On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priestthaugh-swire :  
    Ride out, ride out,  
    The foe to scout !  
Mount, mount for Branksome every man !  
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,  
    That ever are true and stout—  
Ye need not send to Liddesdale;  
For when they see the blazing bale,  
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail;  
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!  
And warn the Warder of the strife.



Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise."

## XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,  
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,  
While loud the harness rung,  
As to their seats with clamour dread,  
The ready horsemen sprung;  
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,  
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,  
And out! and out!  
In hasty rout,  
The horsemen gallop'd forth;  
Dispersing to the south to scout,  
And east, and west, and north,  
To view their coming enemies,  
And warn their vassals and allies.

## XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand,  
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,  
And ruddy blush'd the heaven:  
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,  
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky  
All flaring and uneven;  
And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen;  
Each with warlike tidings fraught;  
Each from each the signal caught;  
Each after each they glanced to sight,  
As stars arise upon the night.

They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,  
Haunted by the lonely earn;  
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;  
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;  
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,  
That all should bowne them for the Border.

## XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
The ceaseless sound of steel;  
The castle-bell, with backward clang,  
Sent forth the larum peal:  
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
Where massy stone and iron bar  
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;  
Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
And watch-word from the sleepless ward;  
While, wearied by the endless din,  
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

## XXXI.

The noble Dame amid the broil,  
Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,  
And spoke of danger with a smile;  
Cheer'd the young knights, and counsel sage  
Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
No tidings of the foe were brought,  
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,  
Nor what, in time of truce, he sought.

Some said that there were thousands ten;  
And others ween'd that it was nought,  
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,  
Who came to gather in black mail;  
And Liddesdale with small avail,  
Might drive them lightly back agen.  
So pass'd the anxious night away,  
And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng  
Applaud the Master of the Song;  
And marvel much in helpless age,  
So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,  
His wandering toil to share and cheer;  
No son to be his father's stay,  
And guide him on the rugged way?  
“Ay, once he had—but he was dead!”  
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,  
And busied himself the strings withal,  
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.  
In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father's notes of woe.

## NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

54, iv.—*He marked the Crane on the Baron's crest.*

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

56, viii.—*Like a book-bosom'd priest.*

"At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes.*"  
—*Macfarlane's MSS.*

57, ix.—*All was delusion, nought was truth.*

*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader:—

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They cast the *glamour* o'er her."

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the Houlat, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler.

57, x.—*Now if you ask who gave the stroke,  
I cannot tell, so mote I thrive;  
It was not given by man alive.*

Some writer upon demonology, tells us of a person who was very desirous to establish a connection with the invisible world; and failing in all his conjurations, began to entertain doubts of the existence of spirits. While this thought was passing through his mind, he received from an unseen hand a very violent blow. He had immediately recourse to his magical arts, but was unsuccessful in evoking the spirit who had made his existence so sensibly felt. A learned priest told him, long after, that the being who so chastised his incredulity, would be the first he should see after his death.

58, xiii.—*The running stream dissolved the spell.*

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream."—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

61, xvii.—*He never counted him a man,  
Would strike below the knee.*

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:—

"A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good.  
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.  
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,  
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;  
Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,  
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,  
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.

*Poly-Albion*, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawin Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore a Frenchman, "they met at the speare poyntes rudely; the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was ryght sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done." —FROISSART, vol. I., chap. 366.

63, xxiii.—*She drew the splinter from the wound  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.*

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

"Tom Potts was but a serving man,  
But yet he was a doctor good;  
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,  
And with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood."  
*Ancient Popular Poetry*, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

63, xxiii.—*But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,  
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.*

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives a curious surgical case. The King (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions this mode of cure in these terms:—

"And that which is more strange. . . . they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain."

I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention.

65, xxvii.—*On Penchryst glows a bale of fire.*

*Bale*, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

"The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Strivelling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may see them, and come to the defence of the realme." These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel."—STEVENSON'S *History*, vol. li., p. 701.

67, xxix.—*On many a cairn's grey pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.*

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

## CANTO FOURTH.

### I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;  
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since Time was born,  
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

### II.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,  
Retains each grief, retains each crime  
Its earliest course was doomed to know;  
And, darker as it downward bears,  
Is stained with past and present tears.  
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
It still reflects to Memory's eye  
The hour my brave, my only boy,  
Fell by the side of great Dundee.  
Why, when the volleying musket play'd  
Against the bloody Highland blade,  
Why was I not beside him laid?



Enough—he died the death of fame;  
Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

## III.

Now over Border dale and fell,  
Full wide and far was terror spread;  
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
The peasant left his lowly shed.  
The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,  
While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.  
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye  
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
Which, curling in the rising sun,  
Show'd southern ravage was begun.

## IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—  
“Prepare ye all for blows and blood!  
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,  
Comes wading through the flood.  
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;  
It was but last St. Barnabright  
They sieged him a whole summer night,  
But fled at morning: well they knew  
In vain he never twang'd the yew.  
Right sharp has been the evening shower  
That drove him from his Liddel tower;  
And, by my faith,” the gate-ward said,  
“I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.”

## V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
Entered the echoing barbican.  
He led a small and shaggy nag,  
That through a bog, from hag to hag,  
Could bound like any Billhope stag.  
It bore his wife and children twain ;  
A half-clothed serf was all their train :  
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,  
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,  
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.  
He was of stature passing tall,  
But sparely formed, and lean withal ;  
A batter'd morion on his brow ;  
A leather jack, as fence enow,  
On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;  
A Border axe behind was slung ;  
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,  
Seemed newly dyed with gore ;  
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,  
His hardy partner bore.

## VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show  
The tidings of the English foe :—  
“ Belted Will Howard is marching here,  
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,  
And all the German hackbut-men,  
Who have long lain at Askerten :  
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,  
And burned my little lonely tower :  
The fiend receive their souls therefor !

It had not been burnt this year and more.  
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,  
Served to guide me on my flight ;  
But I was chased the livelong night.  
Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Græme,  
Fast upon my traces came,  
Until I turned at Priestthaugh Scrogg,  
And shot their horses in the bog,  
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—  
I had him long at high despite :  
He drove my cows last Fastern's night."

## VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,  
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;  
As far as they could judge by ken,  
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand  
Three thousand armèd Englishmen—  
Meanwhile full many a warlike band,  
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,  
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.  
There was saddling and mounting in haste,  
There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;  
He that was last at the trysting place  
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

## VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,  
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,  
His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.  
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,

To wreath his shield, since royal James,  
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,  
The proud distinction grateful gave,  
For faith 'mid feudal jars ;  
What time, save Thirlestane alone,  
Of Scotland's stubborn barons, none  
Would march to southern wars ;  
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,  
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;  
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—  
" Ready, aye ready," for the field.

## IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,  
With many a moss-trooper came on ;  
And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
Without the bend of Murdieston.  
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,  
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;  
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,  
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;  
In the dark glen, so deep below,  
The herds of plunder'd England low ;  
His bold retainers' daily food,  
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.  
Marauding chief ! his sole delight  
The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;  
Not even the flower of Yarrow's charms,  
In youth, might tame his rage for arms ;  
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,  
And still his brows the helmet press'd,

Albeit the blanchèd locks below  
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :  
Five stately warriors drew the sword  
Before their father's band ;  
A braver knight than Harden's lord  
Ne'er belted on a brand.

## X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,  
Came trooping down the Todshaw-hill ;  
By the sword they won their land,  
And by the sword they hold it still.  
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,  
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—  
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,  
The Beattisons were his vassals there.  
The Earl was gentle and mild of mood,  
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude ;  
High of heart, and haughty of word,  
Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord.  
The Earl into fair Eskdale came  
Homage and seignory to claim :  
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,  
Saying, " Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."  
—" Dear to me is my bonny white steed,  
Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need ;  
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,  
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—  
Word on word gave fuel to fire,  
Till so highly blazed the Beattisons' ire,  
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,  
The vassals there their lord had slain.

Sore he plied both whip and spur,  
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ;  
And it fell down a weary weight,  
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

## XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,  
Full fain avengèd would he be.  
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,  
Saying, " Take these traitors to thy yoke ;  
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,  
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :  
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan  
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man ;  
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,  
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."  
A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
Down he flung him the purse of gold ;  
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,  
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.  
He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,  
And bade them hold them close and still ;  
And alone he wended to the plain,  
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.  
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :  
" Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;  
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.  
Give me in peace my heriot due,  
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.  
If my horn I three times wind,  
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

## XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;  
" Little care we for thy winded horn.  
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot  
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.  
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,  
With rusty spur and miry boot."—  
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,  
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross ;  
He blew again so loud and clear,  
Through the grey mountain mist there did lances appear ;  
And the third blast rang with such a din,  
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn,  
And all his riders came lightly in.  
Then had you seen a gallant shock,  
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !  
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,  
A Beattison on the field was laid.  
His own good sword the chieftain drew,  
And he bore the Galliard through and through ;  
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,  
The Galliard's Haugh, men call it still.  
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,  
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.  
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,  
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

## XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,  
And warriors more than I may name.  
From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swaire,  
From Woodhouselee to Chester-glen.

Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear ;  
Their gathering word was Bellenden.  
And better hearts o'er Border sod  
To seige or rescue never rode.  
The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,  
And high her heart of pride arose :  
She bade her youthful son attend,  
That he might know his father's friend,  
And learn to face his foes.  
"The boy is ripe to look on war ;  
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,  
And his true arrow struck afar  
The raven's nest upon the cliff ;  
The red cross on a southern breast,  
Is broader than the raven's nest ;  
Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,  
And o'er him hold his father's shield."—

## XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page  
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
He counterfeited childish fear,  
And shriek'd and shed full many a tear,  
And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.  
The attendants to the Ladye told,  
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
That wont to be so free and bold.  
Then wrathful was the noble Dame ;  
She blush'd blood-red for very shame :—  
"Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;  
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—  
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide



To Rangleburn's lonely side.—  
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
That coward should e'er be son of mine !”—

## XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,  
To guide the counterfeited lad.  
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight  
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,  
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,  
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.  
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil  
To drive him but a Scottish mile ;  
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,  
The elf, amid the running stream,  
His figure chang'd like form in dream,  
And fled, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"  
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,  
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,  
And pierced his shoulder through and through.  
Although the imp might not be slain,  
And though the wound soon heal'd again,  
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain ;  
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,  
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

## XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,  
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;  
And martial murmurs, from below,  
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.

Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,  
Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;  
The coursers' neighing he could ken,  
And measured tread of marching men ;  
While broke at times the solemn hum,  
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;  
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,  
Above the copse appear ;  
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,  
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

## XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,  
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round ;  
Behind, in close array, and fast,  
The Kendal archers, all in green,  
Obedient to the bugle blast,  
Advancing from the wood were seen.  
To back and guard the archer band,  
Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :  
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,  
With kirtles white, and crosses red,  
Array'd beneath the banner tall,  
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;  
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,  
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

## XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,  
The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
Moved on to fight, in dark array,  
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,

Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
And sold their blood for foreign pay.  
The camp their home, their law the sword,  
They knew no country, own'd no lord :  
They were not arm'd like England's sons,  
But bore the levin-darting guns ;  
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,  
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;  
Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warriors in the escalade ;  
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,  
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

## XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,  
And louder still the minstrels blew,  
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;  
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,  
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.  
There many a youthful knight, full keen  
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;  
With favour in his crest, or glove,  
Memorial of his ladye-love.  
So rode they forth in fair array,  
Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;  
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,  
And cried, " St. George, for merry England ! "

## XX.

Now every English eye, intent  
On Branksome's armèd towers was bent ;

So near they were, that they might know  
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;  
On battlement and bartizan  
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan ;  
Falcon and culver, on each tower,  
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;  
And flashing armour frequent broke  
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,  
Where upon tower and turret head,  
The seething pitch and molten lead  
Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.  
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,  
The wicket opes, and from the wall  
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

## XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;  
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;  
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,  
And, high curvetting, slow advance :  
In sign of truce, his better hand  
Display'd a peel'd willow wand ;  
His squire, attending in the rear,  
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.  
When they espied him riding out,  
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout  
Sped to the front of their array,  
To hear what this old knight should say.

## XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you  
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,  
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,  
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,  
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,  
And all yon mercenary band,  
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?  
My Ladye reads you swith return;  
And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
Or do our towers so much molest  
As scare one swallow from her nest,  
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand  
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

## XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
But calmer Howard took the word:  
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,  
To seek the castle's outward wall,  
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show  
Both why we came, and when we go."—  
The message sped, the noble Dame  
To the wall's outward circle came;  
Each chief around lean'd on his spear,  
To see the pursuivant appear.  
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,  
The lion argent deck'd his breast;  
He led a boy of blooming hue—  
O sight to meet a mother's view!  
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.

Obeisance meet the herald made,  
And thus his master's will he said :—

## XXIV.

“ It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,  
'Gainst Ladye fair to draw their swords ;  
But yet they may not tamely see,  
All through the Western Wardenry,  
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,  
And burn and spoil the Border-side ;  
And *it* beseems your rank and birth  
To make your towers a flemens-firth.  
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
That he may suffer march-treason pain.  
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even  
He prick'd to Stapelton on Leven,  
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.  
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame  
These restless riders may not tame,  
Either receive within thy towers  
Two hundred of my master's powers,  
Or straight they sound their warrison,  
And storm and spoil thy garrison :  
And this fair boy, to London led,  
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.”

## XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,  
And stretched his little arms on high ;  
Implored for aid each well-known face,  
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.

A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,  
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear :  
She gazed upon the leaders round,  
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd ;  
Then, deep within her sobbing breast  
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest ;  
Unalter'd and collected stood,  
And thus replied, in dauntless mood :—

## XXVI.

“ Say to your Lords of high emprise,  
Who war on women and on boys,  
That either William of Deloraine  
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,  
Or else he will the combat take  
'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.  
No knight in Cumberland so good,  
But William may count with him kin and blood.  
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,  
When English blood swell'd Ancrum's ford ;  
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,  
And bare him ably in the flight,  
Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.  
For the young heir of Branksome's line,  
God be his aid, and God be mine ;  
Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;  
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.  
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,  
Take our defiance loud and high ;  
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,  
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.”

## XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—  
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;  
His bugle Watt of Harden blew  
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,  
To heaven the Border slogan rung,  
"St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!"  
The English war-cry answered wide,  
And forward bent each southern spear;  
Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
And drew the bowstring to his ear;  
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—  
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,  
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

## XXVIII.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,  
"What treason has your march betray'd  
What make you here, from aid so far,  
Before you, walls, around you, war?  
Your foemen triumph in the thought,  
That in the toils the lion's caught.  
Already on dark Ruberslaw  
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;  
The lances, waving in his train,  
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;  
And on the Liddel's northern strand  
To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good,  
Beneath the eagle and the rood;  
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,  
Have to proud Angus come;



And all the Merse and Lauderdale  
Have risen with haughty Home.  
An exile from Northumberland,  
In Liddesdale I've wandered long;  
But still my heart was with merry England,  
And cannot brook my country's wrong;  
And hard I've spurr'd all night to show  
The mustering of the coming foe."—

## XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;  
"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,  
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,  
And waved in gales of Galilee,  
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,  
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—  
Level each harquebuss on row;  
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;  
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,  
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

## XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,  
Nor deem my words the words of fear:  
For who, in field or foray slack,  
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?  
But thus to risk our Border flower  
In strife against a kingdom's power,  
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,  
Certes, were desperate policy.  
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,  
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:

Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
In single fight; and, if he gain,  
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,  
'Tis but a single warrior lost;  
The rest, retreating as they came,  
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

## XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook  
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;  
And yet his forward step he stay'd,  
And slow and sullenly obeyed.  
But ne'er again the Border side  
Did these two lords in friendship ride:  
And this slight discontent, men say,  
Cost blood upon another day.

## XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again  
Before the castle took his stand;  
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,  
The leaders of the Scottish band;  
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,  
Stout Deloraine to single fight.  
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,  
And thus the terms of fight he said :—  
" If in the list good Musgrave's sword  
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,  
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,  
Shall hostage for his clan remain :  
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,  
The boy his liberty shall have.

Howe'er it falls, the English band,  
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,  
In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,  
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

## XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,  
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,  
Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd ;  
For though their hearts were brave and true,  
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,  
How tardy was the Regent's aid ;  
And you may guess the noble Dame  
Durst not the secret prescience own,  
Sprung from the art she might not name,  
By which the coming help was known.  
Closed was the compact, and agreed,  
That lists should be enclosed with speed,  
Beneath the castle, on a lawn :  
They fix'd the morrow for the strife,  
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,  
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;  
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,  
Or else a champion in his stead,  
Should for himself and chieftain stand,  
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

## XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,  
Full many minstrels sing and say,  
Such combat should be made on horse,  
On foaming steed, in full career,

With brand to aid, when as the spear  
Should shiver in the course ;  
But he, the jovial Harper taught  
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,  
In guise which now I say :  
He knew each ordinance and clause  
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,  
In the old Douglas' day.  
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue  
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,  
Or call his song untrue :  
For this, when they the goblet plied,  
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,  
The bard of Reull he slew.  
On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,  
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood ;  
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,  
That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;  
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,  
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,  
And wrung their hands for love of him,  
Who died at Jedwood Air ?  
He died !—his scholars, one by one,  
To the cold silent grave are gone ;  
And I, alas ! survive alone,  
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
And grieve that I shall hear no more  
The strains, with envy heard before ;

75, v.—*Billhope Stag.*

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game :—

“ Billhope braes for bucks and raes,  
And Carit haugh for swine,  
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,  
If he be ta'en in time.”

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct ; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

75, v.—*Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.*

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionably anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See LESLY, *de Moribus Limitaneorum*.

75, vi.—*Belted Will Howard.*

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George, Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anacronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches ; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

75, vi.—*Lord Dacre.*

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolmais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family called Lord Dacres of the South, held the Castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock.

75, vi.—*The German hackbut-men.*

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutterers on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldier marched to an assault with the right knee bared.

76, viii.—*“Ready, aye ready,” for the field.*

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, &c., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well-known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready.*

77, ix.—*And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
Without the bend of Murdieston.*

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom, tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; others in LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border

ballads by Mr James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Phillip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron.

78, x.—*Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.*

The account of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the Scotts, is given in the poem, literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the Earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale.

81, xiii.—*Their gathering word was Bellenden.*

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—*Macfarlane's MSS.*

85, xxi.—*A gauntlet on a spear.*

A glowe upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.—See LESLEY.

87, xxiv.—*That he may suffer march-treason pain.*

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce.—See *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

88, xxvi. ————*William of Deloraine*  
*Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.*

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus :—

"You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting, of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God.—*History of Cumberland.*

88, xxvi.—*Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,*  
*When English blood swell'd Ancrum's ford.*

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege.

The battle of Ancrum Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

90, xxx.—*For who in field or foray slack,*  
*Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?*

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*.



91, xxx.—*Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
In single fight.*

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill-treated by the Lord Evre.

93, xxxiv.—*He, the jovial harper.*

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling, Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling, Roaring Willie."

93, xxxiv.—*Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,  
In the Old Douglas' days.*

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—

"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincluden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, discern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in times of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before.

## CANTO FIFTH.

### I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,  
Who say, that when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies :  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone,  
For the departed Bard make moan ;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.

### II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
Those things inanimate can mourn ;  
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,  
Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
Of those, who, else forgotten long,  
Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
And, with the poet's parting breath,  
Whose memory feels a second death.  
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,

From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :  
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,  
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead,  
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long  
Still sparkled in the feudal song,  
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,  
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
His ashes undistinguished lie,  
His place, his power, his memory die :  
His groans the lonely caverns fill,  
His tears of rage impel the rill ;  
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,  
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

## III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,  
The terms of truce were scarcely made,  
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,  
The advancing march of martial powers.  
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,  
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;  
Bright spears above the columns dun,  
Glanced momentary to the sun ;  
And feudal banners fair display'd  
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

## IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,  
From the fair Middle Marches came ;

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!  
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
Their men in battle-order set ;  
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.  
Nor list I say what hundreds more,  
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,  
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,  
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,  
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,  
Down the steep mountain glittering far,  
And shouting still, "A Home ! a Home !"

## V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,  
On many a courteous message went ;  
To every chief and lord they paid  
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid ;  
And told them,—how a truce was made,  
And how a day of fight was ta'en  
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine ;  
And how the Ladye prayed them dear,  
That all would stay the fight to see,  
And deign in love and courtesy,  
To taste of Branksome cheer.  
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,  
Were England's noble Lords forgot.  
Himself, the hoary Seneschal  
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call

Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.  
Accepted Howard, than whom knight  
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight ;  
Nor, when from war and armour free,  
More famed for stately courtesy :  
But angry Dacre rather chose  
In his pavilion to repose.

## VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,  
How these two hostile armies met ?  
Deeming it were no easy task  
To keep the truce which here was set ;  
Where martial spirits, all on fire,  
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—  
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,  
By habit, and by nation, foes,  
They met on Teviot's strand ;  
They met and sate them mingled down,  
Without a threat, without a frown,  
As brothers meet in foreign land :  
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,  
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,  
Were interchanged in greeting dear ;  
Visors were raised, and faces shown,  
And many a friend, to friend made known,  
Partook of social cheer.  
Some drove the jolly bowl about ;  
With dice and draughts some chased the day,  
And some, with many a merry shout,  
In riot, revelry, and rout,  
Pursued the foot-ball play.

## VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,  
Or sign of war been seen,  
Those bands, so fair together ranged,  
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,  
Had dyed with gore the green :  
The merry shout by Teviot-side  
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,  
And in the groan of death ;  
And whingers, now in friendship bare,  
The social meal to part and share,  
Had found a bloody sheath.  
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border-day ;  
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,  
In peaceful merriment sunk down  
The sun's declining ray.

## VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay  
Decay'd not with the dying day :  
Soon through the latticed windows tall  
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,  
Divided square by shafts of stone,  
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
Nor less the gilded rafters rang  
With merry harp and beakers' clang :  
And frequent, on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;

And revellers o'er their bowls, proclaim  
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

## IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,  
At length the various clamours died ;  
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,  
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;  
Save when the changing sentinel  
The challenge of his watch could tell ;  
And save, where, through the dark profound,  
The clanging axe and hammer's sound  
Rung from the nether lawn ;  
For many a busy hand toil'd there,  
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,  
The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
Against the morrow's dawn.

## X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,  
Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;  
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,  
Full many a stifled sigh ;  
For many a noble warrior strove  
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,  
And many a bold ally.—  
With throbbing head and anxious heart,  
All in her lonely bower apart,  
In broken sleep she lay :  
By times, from silken couch she rose ;  
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,  
She view'd the dawning day :

Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,  
First woke the loveliest and the best.

## XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,  
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;  
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,  
Had rung the livelong yesterday ;  
Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—  
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—  
A stately warrior pass'd below ;  
But when he raised his plumed head—  
Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—  
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,  
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,  
With fearless step and free.  
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—  
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,  
His blood the price must pay !  
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,  
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
Shall buy his life a day.

## XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well  
You may bethink you of the spell  
Of that sly urchin page ;  
This to his lord he did impart,  
And made him seem, by glamour art,  
A knight from Hermitage.  
Unchalleng'd thus, the warder's post,  
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,



For all the vassalage :  
But O ! what magic's quaint disguise  
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !  
She started from her seat ;  
While with surprise and fear she strove,  
And both could scarcely master love—  
Lord Henry's at her feet.

## XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad  
That foul malicious urchin had  
To bring this meeting round ;  
For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
And by a vile malignant sprite  
In such no joy is found ;  
And oft I've deem'd perchance he thought  
Their erring passion might have wrought  
Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;  
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,  
And to the gentle ladye bright,  
Disgrace, and loss of fame.  
But earthly spirit could not tell  
The heart of them that loved so well.  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven :  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die ;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,

Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.—  
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,  
To tell you of the approaching fight.

## XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,  
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;  
In haste, the deadly strife to view,  
The trooping warriors eager ran :  
Thick round the lists their lances stood,  
Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood ;  
To Branksome many a look they threw,  
The combatants' approach to view,  
And bandied many a word of boast,  
About the knight each favour'd most.

## XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;  
For now arose disputed claim,  
Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
'Twixt Harden and twixt Thirlestane :  
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,  
And frowning brow on brow was bent ;  
But yet not long the strife—for, lo !  
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,  
Strong, as it seem'd and free from pain,  
In armour sheath'd from top to toe,  
Appeared, and craved the combat due.  
The Dame her charm successful knew,  
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

## XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
The stately Ladye's silken rein  
Did noble Howard hold ;  
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,  
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd  
Of feats of arms of old.  
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff  
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,  
With satin slash'd and lined ;  
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
His hose with silver twined ;  
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;  
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
Call noble Howard, Belted Will.

## XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,  
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground :  
White was her wimple, and her veil,  
And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
Of whitest roses bound ;  
The lordly Angus, by her side,  
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
Without his aid, her hand in vain  
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.  
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight  
Of warriors met for mortal fight ;

But cause of terror, all unguess'd,  
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,  
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,  
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

## XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,  
An English knight led forth to view ;  
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,  
So much he long'd to see the fight.  
Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;  
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,  
As Marshals of the mortal field ;  
While to each knight their care assign'd  
Like vantage of the sun and wind.  
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,  
In King and Queen, and Warden's name,  
That none, while lasts the strife,  
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,  
Aid to a champion to afford,  
On peril of his life ; •  
And not a breath the silence broke,  
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

## XIX.

## ENGLISH HERALD.

“ Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,  
Good knight and true, and freely born,  
Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.

He sayeth, that William of Deloraine  
Is traitor false by Border laws ;  
This with his sword he will maintain,  
So help him God and his good cause !”

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

“ Here standeth William of Deloraine,  
Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
Who sayeth, that foul treason’s stain,  
Since he bore arms, ne’er soil’d his coat ;  
And that, so help him God above !  
He will on Musgrave’s body prove,  
He lies most foully in his throat.”

LORD DACRE.

“ Forward, brave champions to the fight !  
Sound trumpets !”—

LORD HOME.

—“ God defend the right !”—  
Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,  
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang  
Let loose the martial foes.  
And in mid list, with shield poised high,  
And measured step and wary eye,  
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,  
Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
How to the axe the helms did sound,

And blood pour'd down from many a wound ;  
For desperate was the strife, and long,  
And either warrior fierce and strong.  
But, were each dame a listening knight,  
I well could tell how warriors fight !  
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,  
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,  
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,  
To yield a step for death or life.—

## XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow  
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;  
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !  
Thence never shalt thou rise again !  
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
Undo the visor's barrèd band,  
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
And give him room for life to gasp !  
O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar,  
Hastè, ere the sinner shall expire !  
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,  
And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

## XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped :—  
His naked foot was dyed with red.  
As through the lists he ran :  
Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
That nail'd the conqueror's victory,  
He raised the dying man ;

Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;  
And still the crucifix on high  
He holds before his darkening eye ;  
And still he bends an anxious ear,  
His faltering penitence to hear ;  
Still props him from the bloody sod,  
Still, even when soul and body part,  
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
And bids him trust in God !  
Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er !  
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

## XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,  
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
The silent victor stands ;  
His beaver did he not unclasp,  
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
Of gratulating hands.  
When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,  
Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
Among the Scottish bands ;  
And all, amid the throng'd array  
In panic haste give open way  
To a half-naked ghastly man,  
Who downward from the castle ran :  
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,  
And wild and haggard look'd around,  
As dizzy and in pain ;  
And all, upon the arm'd ground,  
Knew William of Deloraine !

Each ladye sprung from seat with speed :  
Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;  
    " And who art thou," they cried,  
    " Who hast this battle fought and won ?"  
His plumed helm was soon undone—  
    " Cranstoun of Teviot-side !  
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—  
And to the ladye led her son.

## XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,  
And often press'd him to her breast ;  
For, under all her dauntless show,  
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow ;  
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,  
Though low he kneelèd at her feet.  
Me lists not tell what words were made,  
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—  
    —For Howard was a generous foe—  
And how the clan united pray'd  
    The Ladye would the feud forego,  
And deign to bless the nuptial hour  
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

## XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,  
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,  
Then broke her silence stern and still,—  
    " Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me ;  
Their influence kindly stars may shower  
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,



For pride is quell'd, and love is free."—  
She took fair Margaret by the hand,  
Who, breathless, trembling scarce might stand;  
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :—  
"As I am true to thee and thine,  
Do thou be true to me and mine!  
This clasp of love our bond shall be;  
For this is your betrothing day,  
And all these noble lords shall stay,  
To grace it with their company."—

## XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,  
Much of the story she did gain;  
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,  
And of his page, and of the Book  
Which from the wounded knight he took;  
And how he sought her castle high,  
That morn, by help of gramayre;  
How, in Sir William's armour dight,  
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,  
He took on him the single fight.  
But half his tale he left unsaid,  
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.—  
Cared not the Ladye to betray  
Her mystic arts in view of day;  
But well she thought, ere midnight came,  
Of that strange page the pride to tame,  
From his foul hands the Book to save,  
And send it back to Michael's grave.—  
Needs not to tell each tender word  
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;

Nor how she told of former woes,  
And how her bosom fell and rose,  
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—  
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell :  
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

## XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance  
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance ;  
And taught that, in the listed plain,  
Another in his arms and shield,  
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,  
Under the name of Deloraine.  
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,  
And hence his presence scared the clan,  
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,  
And not a man of blood and breath.  
Not much this new ally he loved,  
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,  
He greeted him right heartilie :  
He would not waken old debate,  
For he was void of rancorous hate  
Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;  
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,  
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,  
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.  
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,  
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :  
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,  
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ;  
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,  
Though half disguisèd with a frown ;

And, thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
His foeman's epitaph he made:—

## XXIX.

“Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!  
I ween my deadly enemy;  
For if I slew thy brother dear,  
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;  
And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
Of Naworth's Castle, long months three,  
Till ramson'd for a thousand mark,  
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.  
And, Musgrave could our fight be tried,  
And thou wert now alive, as I,  
No mortal man should us divide,  
Till one, or both of us, did die:  
Yet rest thee God! for well I know  
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
In all the northern counties here,  
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,  
Thou wert the best to follow gear!  
'Twas pleasure as we look'd behind,  
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,  
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray!  
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
Dark Musgrave were alive again.”—

## XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band,  
Were bowning back to Cumberland.  
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,

And laid him on his bloody shield ;  
On leuell'd lances, four and four,  
By turns, the noble burden bore,  
Before, at times, upon the gale,  
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail ;  
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,  
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul :  
Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;  
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode ;  
And thus the gallant knight they bore,  
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore ;  
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,  
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,  
The mimic march of death prolong ;  
Now seems it far, and now a-near,  
Now meets, and now eludes the ear ;  
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,  
Now faintly dies in valley deep ;  
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,  
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale ;  
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,  
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,  
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,  
Wander a poor and thankless soil,

When the more generous Southern Land  
Would well requite his skilfull hand.

    The Aged Harper, howsoe'er  
His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high  
Above his flowing poesy :  
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer  
Misprised the land he loved so dear ;  
High was the sound, as thus again  
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

103, iv.—*The Bloody Heart blazed in the van.  
Announcing Douglas' dreaded name.*

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

103, iv.—*The seven Spears of Wedderburne.*

Sir David Home of Wedderburne who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (now Pringle of Whitebank.) They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.

103, iv.—*And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest,  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.*

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

103, iv.—*And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!"*

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest.

The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

104, vi.—*Pursued the foot-ball play.*

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

105, vii.—*Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border-day,*

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that:—

"Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifye so in theyre dedis of armies, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departyng, curtylsye they will say, God thank you."—vol. ii., p. 153.

The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. [See *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 15.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose :—

“Then was there nought but bow and spear.  
And every man pulled out a brand.”

In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

105, viii.—*Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan.*

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland.

“As we wear then a settling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse : that whereas always, both in all townes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietness and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I need not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a hie way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whystlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke ! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke ! A Bulmer, a Bulmer ! or so otherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all nyghte longe.—*Apud DALZELL'S Fragments*, p. 75.

118, xxix.—*Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray.*

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom ; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch



family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive, in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sunrising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well-mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock ; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist ; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the galop ; and the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the licence of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

## CANTO SIXTH.

### I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand !  
If such their breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

### II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray  
Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek ;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there forgotten and alone,  
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

## III.

Not scorn'd like me ! to Branksome Hall  
The Minstrels came, at festive call ;  
Trooping they came from near and far,  
The jovial priests of mirth and war ;  
Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
Battle and banquet both they shared.  
Of late, before each martial clan,  
They blew their death-note in the van,  
But now, for every merry mate,  
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;  
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

## IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare  
The splendour of the spousal rite,

How muster'd in the chapel fair  
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;  
Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;  
What plumage waved the altar round,  
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;  
And hard it were for bard to speak  
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;  
That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
As awe and shame alternate rise !

## V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high  
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;  
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,  
So much she fear'd each holy place.  
False slanders these :—I trust right well  
She wrought not by forbidden spell ;  
For mighty words and signs have power  
O'er sprites in planetary hour :  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
Who tamper with such dangerous art.  
But this for faithful truth I say,  
The Ladye by the altar stood,  
Of sable velvet her array,  
And on her head a crimson hood,  
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;  
A merlin sat upon her wrist.  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

## VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :  
'T was now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty archèd hall  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share :  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train,  
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,  
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;  
O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
The priest had spoke his benison.  
Then rose the riot and the din,  
Above, beneath, without, within !  
For, from the lofty balcony,  
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :  
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,  
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;  
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair ; and ladies smiled.  
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,  
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,  
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;  
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
And all is mirth and revelry.

## VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still  
No opportunity of ill,  
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,  
To rouse debate and jealousy ;  
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,  
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,  
And now in humour highly cross'd,  
About some steeds his band had lost,  
High words to words succeeding still,  
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill ;  
A hot and hardy Rutherford,  
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.  
He took it on the page's saye,  
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.  
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,  
The kindling discord to compose :  
Stern Rutherford right little said,  
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—  
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,  
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood,  
His bosom gored with many a wound,  
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found ;  
Unknown the manner of his death,  
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath ;  
But ever from that time, 'twas said,  
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

## VIII.

The dwarf who fear'd his master's eye  
Might his foul treachery espie,  
Now sought the castle buttery,

Where many a yeoman, bold and free,  
Revell'd as merrily and well  
As those that sat in lordly selle.  
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise  
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes ;  
And he, as by his breeding bound,  
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.  
To quit them, on the English side,  
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,  
" A deep carouse to yon fair bride."  
At every pledge, from vat and pail,  
Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale ;  
While shout the riders every one ;  
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,  
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

## IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,  
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,  
And swore, it would be dearly bought  
That ever he the arrow drew.  
First, he the yeoman did molest,  
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;  
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,  
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife ;  
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,  
At unawares he wrought him harm ;  
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,  
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer ;  
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,  
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone :

The venom'd wound, and festering joint,  
Long after rued that bodkin's point.  
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,  
And board and flagons overturn'd.  
Riot and clamour wild began :  
Back to the hall the Urchin ran ;  
Took in a darkling nook his post,  
And grinn'd and mutter'd, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

## X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray  
Should mar the concord of the day,  
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay.  
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,  
The Minstrel of that ancient name ;  
Was none who struck the harp so well,  
Within the Land Debateable ;  
Well friended, too, his hardy kin,  
Whoever lost, were sure to win ;  
They sought the beeves that made their broth,  
In Scotland and in England both.  
In homely guise, as nature bade,  
His simple song the Borderer said.

## XI.

## ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)  
And she would marry a Scottish knight,  
For Love will still be lord of all.



Blithely they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;  
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;  
And he swore her death, ere he would see  
A Scottish knight the lord of all !

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)  
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,  
For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the heart,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;—  
So perish all would true love part,  
That Love may still be lord of all.

And then he took the cross divine,  
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)  
And died for her sake in Palestine ;  
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)

---

Pray for their souls who died for love,  
For Love shall still be lord of all !

## XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,  
Arose a bard of loftier port ;  
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,  
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court :  
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,  
Fitztraver of the silver song !  
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—  
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?  
His was the hero's soul of fire,  
And his the bard's immortal name,  
And his was love, exalted high  
By all the glow of chivalry.

## XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,  
And oft, within some olive grove,  
When even came with twinkling star,  
They sung of Surrey's absent love.  
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,  
And deem'd that spirits from on high,  
Round where some hermit saint was laid,  
Were breathing heavenly melody ;  
So sweet did harp and voice combine,  
To praise the name of Geraldine.

## XV.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say  
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,  
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,

Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?  
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,  
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.  
He left for Naworth's iron towers,  
Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,  
And, faithful to his patron's name,  
With Howard still Fitztraver came;  
Lord William's foremost favourite he,  
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

## XVI.

## FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;  
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,  
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,  
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,  
To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;  
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,  
That he should see her form in life and limb,  
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of  
him.

## XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,  
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,  
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light  
On mystic implements of magic might;  
On cross, and character, and talisman,  
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:  
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,  
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

## XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;  
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy  
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;  
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly and a lofty room,  
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,  
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in  
gloom.

## XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!  
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;  
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,  
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,  
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—  
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,  
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

## XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,  
And swept the goodly vision all away—  
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm  
O'er my belovèd Master's glorious day.  
Thou jealous ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay  
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,  
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,  
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,  
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

## XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong  
Applauses of Fitztraver's song :  
These hated Henry's name as death,  
And those still held the ancient faith.—  
Then, from his seat with lofty air,  
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair ;  
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,  
Had with that lord to battle come.  
Harold was born where restless seas  
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;  
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—  
Still nods their palace to its fall,  
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !  
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,  
As if grim Odin rode her wave ;  
And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,  
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;  
For all of wonderful and wild  
Had rapture for the lonely child.

## XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful  
In these rude isles might fancy cull ;  
For thither came, in times afar,  
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,  
The Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,  
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food ;  
Kings of the main their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave.  
And there, in many a stormy vale,

The Scald had told his wondrous tale;  
And many a Runic column high  
Had witnessed grim idolatry.  
And thus had Harold, in his youth,  
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—  
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;  
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell  
Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;  
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom  
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,  
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,  
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,  
And bade the dead arise to arms !  
With war and wonder all on flame,  
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,  
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,  
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;  
Yet something of the Northern spell  
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

## XXIII.

## HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !  
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.  
“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !  
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white ;  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie ;  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with knell ;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

## XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall,  
Though, long before the sinking day,  
A wondrous shade involved them all :  
It was not eddying mist or fog,  
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog ;  
Of no eclipse had sages told ;  
And yet, as it came on apace,  
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,  
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.



A secret horror check'd the feast,  
And chill'd the soul of every guest ;  
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,  
She knew some evil on the blast ;  
The elvish page fell to the ground,  
And, shuddering, mutter'd, " Found ! found ! found ! "

## XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air  
A flash of lightning came ;  
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,  
The castle seem'd on flame.  
Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
Glanced every shield upon the wall ;  
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,  
Were instant seen, and instant gone ;  
Full through the guests' bedazzled band  
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,  
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,  
As on the elvish page it broke.  
It broke with thunder long and loud,  
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—  
om sea to sea the larum rung ;  
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,  
To arms the startled warders sprung.  
When ended was the dreadful roar,  
The elvish dwarf was seen no more !

## XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,  
Some saw a sight, not seen by all ;  
That dreadful voice was heard by some,

Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME !"  
And on the spot where burst the brand,  
Just where the page had flung him down,  
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,  
And some the waving of a gown.  
The guests in silence prayed and shook,  
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.  
But none of all the astonished train  
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine :  
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return ;  
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
Like him of whom the story ran,  
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.  
At length, by fits, he darkly told,  
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—  
That he had seen right certainly,  
*A shape with amice wrapp'd around,*  
*With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,*  
*Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;*  
And knew—but how it matter'd not—  
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

## XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,  
All trembling heard the wondrous tale ;  
No sound was made, no word was spoke,  
Till noble Angus silence broke ;  
And he a solemn sacred plight  
Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,  
That he a pilgrimage would take,  
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake

Of Michael's restless sprite.  
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,  
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd :  
Some to St. Modan made their vows,  
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,  
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,  
Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;  
Each did his patron witness make,  
That he such pilgrimage would take,  
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,  
All for the weal of Michael's soul.  
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,  
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,  
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

## XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,  
Which after in short space befell ;  
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair  
Bless'd Teviot's Flower, and Cranstoun's heir :  
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain  
To wake the note of mirth again.  
More meet it were to mark the day  
Of penitence, and prayer divine,  
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,  
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

## XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,  
And arms enfolded on his breast,  
Did every pilgrim go ;  
The standers-by might hear uneth,

Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,  
Through all the lengthen'd row :  
No lordly look, nor martial stride,  
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,  
Forgotten their renown ;  
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide  
To the high altar's hallow'd side,  
And there they knelt them down :  
Above the suppliant chieftains wave  
The banners of departed brave ;  
Beneath the letter'd stones were laid  
The ashes of their fathers dead ;  
From many a garnish'd niche around,  
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

## XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
With sable cowl and scapular,  
And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
The holy Fathers, two and two,  
In long procession came ;  
Taper, and host, and book they bare,  
And holy banner flourish'd fair  
With the Redeemer's name.  
Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,  
And bless'd them as they kneel'd ;  
With holy cross he signed them all,  
And pray'd they might be sage in hall,  
And fortunate in field.  
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,  
And solemn requiem for the dead ;

And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,  
For the departed spirit's weal ;  
And ever in the office close  
The hymn of intercession rose ;  
And far the echoing aisles prolong  
The awful burthen of the song—

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,  
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;  
While the pealing organ rung ;  
Were it meet with sacred strain  
To close my lay, so light and vain,  
Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.  
And did he wander forth alone ?  
Alone in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage ?  
No !—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;  
A simple hut ; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth and lattice clean.  
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days ;  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begg'd before.  
So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath ;  
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,  
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke !  
Then would he sing achievements high,  
And circumstance of chivalry,  
Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
Forgetful of the closing day ;  
And noble youths the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;  
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

## NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.

### 127, v.—*She wrought not by forbidden spell.*

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil.—See MONTFAUCON, vol. ii., p. 329.

### 127, v.—*A merlin sat upon her wrist, Held by a leash of silken twist.*

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron.—See LATHAM *on Falconry*.—Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full."—HUME's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii., p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

### 128, vi.—*And princely peacock's gilded train, And o'er the boar-head garnished brave, And cygnet from St. Mary's wave.*

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the

adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—PINKERTON's *History*, vol. i., p. 432.

There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow.

129, vii.—*Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.*

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, who lead into battle nine sons, all gallant warriors.

129, vii.—*—bit his glove.*

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

130, viii.—*Arthur Fire-the-braes.*

The person bearing this redoubtable *nomme de guerre*, was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders in 1597.

130, viii.—*Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.*

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott*,



gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn. in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buckcleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the King and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and, now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.

131, x. —old Albert Græme.

*The Minstrel of that ancient name.*

"John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.'—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England, and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment

of his jurisdiction over them. The Debateable land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations.

133, xiii.—*Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?*

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

136, xxi.—*Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.  
Still nods their palace to its fall,  
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.*

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Comte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. —These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion:—

The King, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a "whitefaunch deer," which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-Moor against the

life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook; upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earncraig, &c., in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's field.\*—*MS. History of the Family of St. Clair, by RICHARD AUGUSTINE HAY, Canon of St. Genevieve.*

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway.

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.—*MS. Memoir of John, Master of St. Clair.*

136, xxii.—*Kings of the main their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave.*

The chiefs of the Vikingr, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sækonungr*, or sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed serpents of the ocean.

\* The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a grey-hound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,

"Help, Haud, an ye may,  
Or Roslin will lose his head this day."

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

- 137, xxii.—*Of that Sea-snake, tremendous curl'd,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;  
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.*

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

The *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest, are well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

- 137, xxii.—*Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold.*

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrning should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterward took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the *Hervarar-Saga*.—BARTHOLINUS *De causis contemptae a Danis mortis*, lib. i. cap. 4, 9, 10, 13.

- 137, xxii.—*Rosabelle.*

This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Strathorne.

- 137, xxiii.—*Castle Ravensheuch.*

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep craig, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

138, xxiii.—*Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs unconfined lie.*

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, &c., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter, (as is affirmed,) High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being *Rosslinnhe*, the promotory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor.

141, xxvii.—*St. Bride of Douglas.*

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage.

"The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity: and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it, but, by the might of God,' (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by *St. Bryde of Douglas*,) 'if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!'—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—GODSCROFT, vol. ii. p. 131.

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- "Dinlay's spotless snow," 78, a mountain in Liddesdale.
- Douglas, "Black Archibald," his battle laws, 93, note p. 100.
- Douglas, (Earl of Angus), defeat of Buccleuch, 19, note p. 23; threatens the English retreat, 89; appears before Branksome, 103; leads Lady Margaret to the lists, 110; proposes a pilgrimage for the repose of Michael Scott's soul, 141, note p. 152.
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- Duchess, (the), 4; "Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685." She is said to have been brought up at Newark, a report which no doubt influenced the author in making "The Lay" be recited before her.
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- Dwarf, Lord Cranstoun's, see Page
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- Earl Walter, 4, grandfather of the Duchess, a celebrated warrior.
- Edinburgh, see Dunedin.
- Eildon hills, "Cleft in three," 34, note p. 51.
- Elliot, "dark Elliot's Border spear" 19; note p. 24.
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- Faith, breach of, 85, note p. 98.
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- Falshope, the witch of, note p. 49.
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- Feudal war, its social inflections, 10.
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- German hackbutmen, 75; Mercenaries, 83, 84, note p. 97.
- Gilbert the warder, 66.
- Glamour, 57, note p. 69; 107.



## GLOSSARY OF ANTIQUATED WORDS AND PHRASES.

- Almays, 83, *Germans*.  
 Acton, 55, *coat of mail*.  
 Amice, 36, *a linen cloak*.  
 Aventayle, 30, *visor of the helmet*.  
 Ban-dog, 12, 67, *watch-dog*.  
 Barbican, 16, *the defence of the outer gate of a castle*.  
 Barded, 18, *barbed*.  
 Basnet, 17, *a basin shaped helmet*.  
 Barret-cap, 60, *cap worn in battle*.  
 Banelier, 63, *ammunition belt*.  
 Balefire, 73, *beacon-faggot*.  
 Blackmail, 68, *protection money exacted by free-booters*.  
 Bowne, 67, *make ready*.  
 Beaver, 114, *visor of the helmet*.  
 Cairn, 67, *a pile of stones*.  
 Cleuch, 80, *a rocky hollow or cleft*.  
 Cresset, 65, *a portable fire used as a beacon or lantern*.  
 Corbells, 32, *the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask*.  
 Counter, 18, *a horse's breast*.  
 Dight, 8, *ready dressed, or decked*.  
 Deft, 13, *clever, nimble*.  
 Drie, or Dree, 31, *endure*.  
 Dubbed, 88, *to confer knighthood by a stroke or dub of the sword*.  
 Earn, 67, *the Scottish eagle*.  
 Falcon, 86, *a small cannon*.  
 Fell, 12, *mountain, chain of hills*.  
 Flemen's-furth, 87, *an asylum for outlaws*.  
 Frounced, 84, *ruffled*.  
 Gorse, 42, *Furze*.  
 Glaive, 84, *sword*.  
 Glamour, 57, *magical delusion*.  
 Galliard, 78, *a gay, dissipated fellow*.  
 Gramarye, 58, *magic*.  
 Hag, 75, *broken ground in a bog*.  
 Haugh, 80, *a plain along a river*.  
 Hight, 134, *promised*.  
 Irks, 87, *pains*.  
 Inch, 138, *island*.  
 Jack, 55, *a short coat or jacket*.  
 Kirtle, 39, *gown*; 61, *blouse*.  
 Lauds, 19, *the midnight service of the Catholic Church*.  
 Levin-brand, 140, *thunderbolt*.  
 List, 13, *listen to*, 103, 126, *choose*.  
 Litherlie, 42, *lazy*.  
 Lorn, 16, *lost*.  
 Lyme-dog, 120, *bloodhound*.  
 Lurcher, 58, *kind of hunting dog*.  
 March-treason, 87, *Border treason*.  
 Marauding, 77, *plundering*.  
 Morion, 75, *a kind of helmet*.  
 Morris, 13, *a dance derived from the Moors*.  
 Mickle, 82, *much*.  
 Morsing horns, 84, *powder flasks*.  
 Partisan, 85, *a halbert, or pike*.  
 Port, 109, *Gaelic for tune, piece of music*, 133, *pitch of voice*.  
 Peel, 17, *a Border tower*.  
 Pensils, 80, *small streamers borne in battle*.  
 Pinnet, 139, *turret*.  
 Pricking, 54, *spurring his horse*.  
 Reads, 86, *advises*.  
 Saye, 129, *word*.  
 Selle, 130, *saddle*.  
 Sewers, 128, *waiters*.  
 Scapular, 143, *part of a religious habit worn with special reference to the Virgin Mary*.  
 Scaur, Scar, 11, *steep, bare scarp of rock, or earth*.  
 Shalm, 128, *psaltery, kind of harp*.  
 Sheeling, 57, *a shepherd's hut*.  
 Shrift, 56, *confession*.  
 Swair, swire, 80, *the slope of a hill*.  
 Swith, 86, *quickly*.  
 Tarn, 67, *a mountain lake*.  
 Throstles, 145, *thrushes*.  
 Tire, 62, *dress*.  
 Tressured, 76, *bordered with*.  
 Trysting Place, 43, *rendezvous*.  
 Warden-raid, 74, *an inroad commanded by the warden in person*.  
 Warrison, 87, *note of assault*.  
 Whinger, 105, *a sort of knife, or poniard*.  
 Wight, 7, *person*; 8, *strong*.  
 Wimple, 110, *hood*.  
 Wraith, 117, *the spectral apparition of a living person*.

- Goblin page, see Page.  
 Goldiland, the peel of, 17; is the best preserved of the Border Towers.  
 Graeme, Albert, a Border Minstrel sings, "Love will still be Lord of all," 131, note p. 148.  
 Hairbee, 16, *where border maulers were executed at Carisle*.  
 Halidon, 19, note p. 28.  
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 Harden, Wat of, 43; description of, 77, note p. 97; 89; claims precedence of Thirlestane, 109.  
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 Harold, the Minstrel of St. Clair, sings "Rosabelle," 137.  
 Harper, "the jovial," 93, note p. 100.  
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 Hawick, 17, 19, is a place of considerable importance in the History of the Border.  
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 Hazeldean tower, 17, note p. 27.  
 Headshaw, 80.  
 Henry VIII., 136, note p. 149.  
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 Heriot, 78, *the best horse was in certain cases due to the feudal superior in name, of Heriot or Hereseld*.  
 Herald, the Scottish, recites the challenge of Deloraine, 112.  
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 Hindhaugh-swaire, 80, the pass from Liddesdale into Tevoitdale, the *Hard haugh-swair* of "Jamie Telfer" in *The Minstrelsy of the Border*.  
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 Lammermore, 103, the district of Lammermuir Hills.  
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- Lykewake, or Latewake, 88, *watching the dead before burial*; for an account of the superstitions connected with this observance, see "Young Bengie" in *Minstrels of the Border*.
- Magic, its powers, 11, note p. 25; "Words that cleft Eildon hills in three," 34, note p. 51; cannot deceive love, 108; implements and practice of magic, 134, 135; different from witchcraft, 127, note p. 146.
- March-treason, 87, notes p. 99.
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- Marshals, Home and Dacre, 111.
- Maudlin, Dame, 62.
- Maxwell, Lord, 89.
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- Merlin, (a), 127, note p. 146.
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- Minstrels, ancient, "The jovial priests of mirth and war," 126, 131.
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- Moathill's mound, 17, note p. 27.
- Monk, (the), of St. Mary's Aisle, 30; warns Deloraine of the seriousness of his task, 31; was a soldier 31, 34; tells of the magic skill of Michael Scott, 34; "Lo Warrior! now the Cross of Red," 35; beckons Deloraine to open the grave, 36; prays, and urges to speed, 37; found dead, 38.
- Monmouth, James Duke of, 4, he was beheaded in 1685.
- Morning, in Teviotdale, 39.
- Morton, Earl of, how he sold Eskdale, 78, 79, note p. 98.
- Moss-trooper, 14, note p. 25.
- Mountain spirit, (the), 12; tells the river spirit the indications of the stars regarding Margaret's love, 13.
- Murdieston, 77, note p. 97.
- Musgrave, Richard, 87; slain in the single combat, 113; his character, 118; his body carried home, 119.
- Naworth, 9, 134.
- Neck-verse, 16, *the beginning of the 51st Psalm "Miserere mei, &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.*
- Newark Lee, 43.
- Newark tower, 4; Newark is a massive square tower, now in ruins. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Yarrow about a mile above its junction with the Ettrick. Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., Newark

- Castle with all Ettrick Forrest was assigned her as part of her jointure lands, but after the death of James at Flodden, they were seized by Buccleuch, their keeper; and when the Forrest was disparted, Newark was vested in the Buccleuch family.
- Norseman, their wild superstitions, 136, notes pp. 150, 151.
- Notre Dame, its bells rung by Michael Scott, 34, note p. 49.
- Oakwood tower, 77; supposed to have been a residence of Michael Scott, note p. 49, also of the hero of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow."
- Oath, a border oath, 88, note p. 99.
- Otterburne, gallant chief of, 33, note p. 46.
- Ousenam bowers, 107.
- Ousenam's maidens, their grief for "Rattling roaring Willie," 93, note, p. 100. Ousenam is a poetical form of Oxnam, a tributary of the Teviot.
- Padua, famed as a school of magic, 11, note p. 25.
- Page, Lord Cranstoun's dwarf, 41, note p. 51; how got by Lord Cranstoun, 42; his habits and temper, 42; saved his master's life, 42; tending Deloraine, finds the wizard's book, 56; struck by an unseen hand, 57; brings Deloraine to Branksome, 58; lures the young chief unto the woods, 58; crossing a stream, resumes his elvish shape, 58, note p. 70; counterfeits the young chief at Branksome, 62; his pranks, 62; fears to meet the "Ladye," 81; crosses a stream, resumes his Goblin form and is wounded by Tinlinn, 81; stirs up strife at the marriage feast, 129; teases Tinlinn, 130; disappears in a flash of lightning, 140.
- Peacock, (the), eaten at feasts, 128, note p. 146.
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- Penchryst Pen, 64, 65, a detached hill on the Scottish side of the Cheviots.
- Pentland, the fifth of, 136.
- Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, 103, note p. 121.
- Percy, 9, Earl of Northumberland.
- Poet, (the), at his death "mute nature mourns her worshipper," 101.
- Poets, "a simple race," 94.
- Porter, (the), of Melrose, 30.
- Priesthaugh Scrogg, 76.
- Priesthaugh Swire, 65, an advanced hill of the Cheviot range.
- Prophecy, (the), "Till pride be quelled and love be free," 13; "For pride is quelled and love is free," 116.
- Rangleburn, 82, note p. 147.
- Rattling, roaring Willie, note p. 100.
- Ravensheuch Castle, 137, note p. 151.
- Reedsdale, 42, the valley of the Reed, a tributary of the Tyne, see "The Raid Reid Swire," in *The Minstrelsy of the Border*.
- Reull, the bard of, 93, note p. 100.
- Rhine, (the), 84.
- Riddell's Fair domain, 18, note p. 27.
- River Spirit, complains of the restraints on Margaret's love, 13.
- Roman way, (the), 17, an ancient Roman road passing through part of Roxburghshire.
- Rosabelle, ballad of, 137, note p. 152.
- Roslin, "sweet glen" of, 137; "castled rock," 138; chapel, 138, note p. 152.
- Ruberslaw, 89, a hill near Jedburgh.
- Soltra, 67, Soutra, one of the Lammermuir hills.
- Salamanca's cave, 34, note p. 48.
- Scalds, 137, Scandinavian poets.
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- Scotts of Etrick, 10.  
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